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# THE GRANVILLES.

An Irish Tale.

BY

THE HON. THOMAS TALBOT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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## DEDICATION.

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TO LADY LOVEDALE.

DEAR LADY LOVEDALE,

I HAVE the honour to dedicate this Work to you. As the granddaughter of Herbert Granville—the central figure in the drama unfolded in its pages—it will, I have no doubt, afford you a peculiar interest; not only from the fact of its recalling to your mind some of the traditions connected with the history of your family, but also from the more important fact of its presenting to your view some of the virtuous and noble characteristics by which that family has ever been distinguished.

If high and honourable bearing, pure and disinterested patriotism, and an un-

swerving adhesion to those principles of justice and of liberty, which constitute the true foundation of social stability and national greatness, can confer an enviable distinction upon their possessors, as they assuredly must; then may you justly feel proud of the noble and illustrious source whence your origin is derived.

You will bear with me while I say thus much of your ancestors: and believe me when I assure you that I have not been led to these observations by the unworthy desire of enhancing the value of my Work by setting forth the hereditary virtues of those who constitute its principal characters. A Work of this sort must stand upon its own inherent merits: if its characters are true to life, and its scenes are the faithful reflex of Nature; if it fulfils the conditions essential to success, in the unity and fidelity of the portraiture it exhibits, and in the propriety and wisdom of the teachings it inculcates—if it does this, it is all that a just and reasonable criticism can demand. There are, no doubt, degrees of merit in

the nature of the subjects of works like this, as well as in the treatment of such subjects; there are also greater or lesser interests involved in them: but whatever may be the subjects, and whatever their interests, as long as they are treated with a faithful adhesion to Nature and to the exigencies of character, and are attended with the inculcation of moral principle and virtuous conduct, they must be entitled to the favourable consideration of impartial judges. This is all that may fairly be expected on my part; and hence you will perceive that I can have no object in introducing the history of your family here, beyond the gratification which I am afforded in the contemplation of high virtue and illustrious deeds.

I am aware that the principal events narrated throughout the following pages are already familiar to you through the traditions of your family: you are also acquainted with the varied scenery connected with those events, for you have been born and bred in the midst of it, and still enjoy its changeless charms. You will

therefore be able to judge whether or not I have been true to those traditions, on the one hand, and have transferred to my canvas a faithful delineation of the main features of that scenery, on the other.

The minor characters of the drama you may not, perhaps, be able so easily to detect ; yet they are true to their originals ; and their descendants, as well as those of the principal characters, are still living and moving amid the scenes of their ancestors. Their real names, as well as the real names of the places where the several incidents of the drama took place, are of course disguised. I say, *of course*, because it would not be consistent with right feeling to unveil to the public gaze the errors, and delinquencies, and crimes of those who have passed away, but whose descendants still survive, and exhibit in their lives traits and characteristics entirely different from those of their progenitors, and such as entitle them to the respect and esteem of all who know them.

But my main purpose in gathering up



the threads of those traditions, and shaping them into the form in which I now present them, is, as you are aware, to impress upon my countrymen and yours the folly and wickedness of those political organizations which from time to time have exhibited themselves in the history of our country. No matter by what various names they may have been known, whether as Peep-o'-Day Boys, or Rockites, or Whitefeet, or Fenians, or any other whimsical or fanciful appellation, the attendant concomitants and ultimate results of each and every one of them have been the same—sin and shame, and defeat and oppression. Commencing in folly, and operating by crime, they are sure ever to terminate in bloodshed, misery, and ruin.

The events which I have recorded in these pages in connexion with the Whitefeet Organization of half a century ago find their exact reflex in the similar organizations of to-day. Change but the names, and the same story may be told of them all. The motives, the incitements, the catastrophies are all the same. The

peasantry, as I have shown, are incited to acts of violence and depredation by some idle, reckless, and designing knaves among their own order, with the view of plunder and revenge. These again are encouraged and stimulated by malicious and self-interested knaves of a higher class, whose chief aim is the gratification of some passion, whether of jealousy, or revenge, or avarice, or ambition; and who keep themselves aloof from active participation in the crimes of their dupes, in order to escape detection and the punishment that is sure to follow.

The political and social condition of Ireland, or of any country, cannot be improved by such reckless, powerless, and absurd organizations as those: on the contrary, the evils, whatever they might be, which are intended to be remedied by such means, become only the greater, the more intensified. Nothing can possibly result from them—nothing has ever resulted from them but disorder and ruin. The poor, misguided peasantry are shot down, or imprisoned, or driven

from their homes ; while the country, which they foolishly fancied they were serving, sinks into a worse condition than she had occupied before. This always is, and always must be, the consequence of such ill-advised, senseless, and wicked enterprises.

Such are the views which I have endeavoured to enforce, though on a limited arena, in the course of this Work. I have pointed out the nature, mode of operation, and final result of those illegal and mischievous organizations ; and also the personal and social evils which follow in their train. In order to relieve a narrative so gloomy and repulsive, I have accompanied it with episodes of love and courtship ; and interspersed the whole with scenes in which humour and drollery are the prevailing elements.

I trust that the brief account which I have thus given of the nature and contents of the Work will add to the pleasure which I know you will feel in its perusal.

I have only further to say that I shall avail myself of this dedication to serve a

triple purpose, namely, that of a Dedication,  
an Introduction, and a Preface.

With sentiments of high regard

I remain,

dear Lady Lovedale,

Your most obedient and most  
faithful servant,

THE AUTHOR.

# THE GRANVILLES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE VILLAGE OF BALLYDINE.

TOWARDS the eastern extremity of a large and luxuriant valley, situated in one of the southern counties of Ireland, reposes in graceful outline the beautiful village of Ballydine. It consists of two small rows of houses bordering a public highway. Beyond these is an irregular and broken line of farm-houses; flanked here and there with neat and cosy cottages, whose white-washed walls and trim little gardens, embellished with flowers and rose bushes, betray a degree of comfort not always to be found in and around the dwellings of the labouring classes of that country.

The farm-houses, unlike many others to be found in different parts of the country, are not huddled together in confused masses, obstructing the free operations of the occupiers in their daily agricultural labours; but lying asunder, and at considerable distances, affording freer scope and accommodation for the various requirements incidental to rural occupations.

Each farmstead lies enclosed within its own little domain, unmolested by the encroachments arising from an over-close contiguity with its neighbours. Propriety, accommodation, and comfort are the predominant features that attract the attention of the stranger as he casts his eye over each homestead and its surroundings.

The central structure, or farm-house, with its neatly thatched roof and elevated gables, and its white-washed walls breathing the refreshing fragrance of the hop and the honey-suckle, rendered still more grateful by the suggestion of neatness and order reigning within; the out offices flanking the dwelling house towards the

rear, and admirably adapted to the various purposes for which they are designed, whether for dairy, stable, car-house, fowl-house, cattle shed, or other object suited to the necessities of a well-regulated farm-yard ; the neat grassy plot before the front door, edged with the lilac and the box-tree, the rose-bush, and the hollyhock, and separated from the sheep paddock by a low whitewashed wall, or, in some cases, a railed or trellised fence painted green, and overshadowed here and there by the lime and balsam tree ; the corn-fields and meadows spread out in form of squares and parallelograms on every side ; the carefully trimmed hedges, topped with the yellow-flowering furze, separating the several fields ; the iron gates, flanked with round or square piers that shone in sparkling whiteness from the distance, opening from the public road towards the farm-house, or from one field to another ; all this varied aspect of industry, economy, and taste could not fail to create in the beholder sensations of the most agreeable character.

The public road or thoroughfare, broad



and smooth, and hemmed in on either side by stout hedges of earth and stone, clothed in part with a coat of moss or long wild grass, and decked here and there with patches of trailing ivy, traversed the whole extent of the village at the time of which we write. It led off towards a neighbouring town some three or four miles distant; while here and there it threw off branch roads at different points, leading to other villages.

Rows of old trees—ash, oak, and elm—lined this main road not only within the limits of the village but also for miles beyond; forming an agreeable shade, which in summer relieved the hot rays of the sun, and in winter broke the rushing fury of the gale, or relieved the rudeness of the pelting hail.

Towards the north and east, and in the immediate vicinity of the village the land sloped gradually upwards until it terminated in a rather lofty range of hills, broken in outline, but beautiful in aspect, on account of the varied forms they present, and the lines and patches of plantation



which cover their declivities, and crown their summits.

From these hills the spectator might obtain some of the most delightful, not to say entrancing views that could be presented to the eye. Let the reader stand by our side on one of these hills in the middle of summer, when our story commences, and with us survey the surrounding scene.

At a little distance beneath us lies the village, smiling and beautiful in its repose; the corn fields are waving in their golden luxuriance along the slopes; the pastures are thickly dotted with sheep and horned cattle; and the meadows are enlivened with rows of mowers plying their scythes in harmonious sweeps. Up from this scene of loveliness and cheerful labour come softly and soothingly on the air the varied sounds of gay and active life; the laugh, the command, the ringing cheer, and the shout of exuberant spirits, mingled with the low of the cattle, the murmur of the mountain streams, and the fitful gushing music of the songsters of the grove.

But outside this circle of busy and joyous life, and spreading out into the distance, lies an expanse of country upon which the eye loves to repose. It presents features of enchanting beauty; undulating plains, dark slumbering groves, wooded parks, sloping lawns, ponds, streams, and waterfalls, with here and there on every side stately mansions, and smiling cottages, meet and charm the sight wherever it rests. Through the midst of this glorious landscape winds a river, on whose bosom float numerous small craft bearing the produce of the surrounding country to the quays and stores of a town lying on the extreme verge of the valley. The river, at its entrance to this town, is crossed by a bridge, beneath whose capacious arches glide the smaller craft; while the larger vessels, with their sails swelling to the breeze, are admitted through the open space temporarily formed by the elevation of a portion of the floor or drawbridge. Beyond this bridge, and along the southern margin of the river lies the town of Cushport.

Its quay, or street bordering on the river, runs in an almost unbroken line by the water's edge to the distance of nearly two miles, with sailing craft of every size and form, from the punt and pleasure yacht to the majestic barque and the frowning frigate, lining its entire length.

From the point of elevation where we now stand, and from which the landscape we have been describing lies open to the view, that is, the portion of the landscape which embraces the valley with its winding river, and the mountain amphitheatre beyond, may be seen the cloudlike vapour that hangs over the town abovenamed, though the town itself lies hidden in the distance. At the other extreme point of the valley, that is, towards the west and the source of the river, lies the town of Melnook, whose position in the distance may also be observed by the wreaths of vapour which hang above it. These two towns then may be said to form the two extremities of this enchanting valley of the Orma; lying from each other at a distance of between thirty and forty miles, and

connected by the chain of the winding Orma, as the river is called. Nearly midway between the two towns and on the banks of the river, lies another, of less pretensions in point of size and commercial activity, but fully equal, if not indeed superior to either of them in beauty of situation and elegance of surrounding, as well as in all the characteristics of prosperity and comfort.

This town, called Corrigcastle from the circumstance of its being the site of a stronghold, or castle, built on a rock by the margin of the river by one of the feudal lords of the soil in time gone by, presents a lovely view from the position we are occupying on the rising ground above the village of Ballydine. Unlike the other two towns at the opposite extremities of the Vale of Orma, which can only be seen in their festoons of vapour, the town of Corrigcastle offers its unclouded features to the view. The river flows in graceful undulations along its entire length, reflecting on its silvery bosom the old ruined castle, the waving willow grove, the

graceful cottage, and the variegated scenery, that decks its banks as it paces onward in its course.

Besides these three towns we have named, as constituting the prominent features in the landscape before us, the Vale of Orma is studded with villages and hamlets, of greater or lesser extent, throughout its whole expanse. These give a fulness of vitality to the scene, without which inanimate Nature, no matter how beautiful and luxuriant in her general aspect, would lack more than half her grace, and fail in communicating to the observer of her charms that idea of the wisdom and goodness and munificence of Him who has done so much for man.

Such then is the scene in which the humble drama which I desire to present to the reader has taken place. It is a scene where nothing unworthy, nothing unbecoming the divinity which breathes upon and around it, should ever have been thought, or felt, or acted. It is a scene which whispers peace and happiness, and love; where charity would seem to breathe

her sweetest blessings ; and Hope to shine  
out with a radiance pure, bright, and holy.  
But alas ! alas ! Sin and Sorrow find their  
way to every scene.

## CHAPTER II.

## HERBERT GRANVILLE—OUR HERO.

THE village of Ballydine is all astir with the operations of the season, which is that of harvest time. Men, women, and children are busily and joyously engaged in their several occupations of reaping, binding, and gleaning; and the song and the gossip, the laugh and the jeer, keep pace with the progress of their labour, and give buoyancy to their spirits.

We shall pass into one of those corn-fields on the verge of the village, and a short distance from the main road, which winds down from the elevated station, whence we were viewing the scene in the preceding chapter; and shall mix among the group who are plying their labour there; and listen for awhile to the gossip that is going around.



The reapers—some ten in number—have reached the headland, and are disposing themselves, here and there, for a short rest before again resuming their labour. Some, with flint and steel and tinder-box, are striking fire to light their pipes; some are reclining against the hedge in careless conversation, and some are bandying jokes with the women who are just binding the last sheaves of the swarths; but there are two who are seated on the ground, and half resting on their elbows, in earnest conversation on some apparently interesting topic.

One of them is a man of a rather remarkable appearance and address, when taken in connexion with the occupation in which he is now engaged. His dress, though shabby and patched, is not that of a field labourer, and his manner of speech is not that of a man whose life had been passed among the class of men with whom he is now associated.

Instead of knee-breeches or corduroy trousers—the usual dress of rural labourers—he wears trousers of light blue cloth,



with a broad red stripe running along the entire length of each leg on the outside. This is patched in several places with pieces of brown, grey, and scarlet cloth; and the legs are turned up two or three inches at the ends, revealing a portion of white cotton hose, seamed with black and purple thread, which no doubt had been used for the purpose of stopping up the fractures that age and use had made in the original web. His feet are covered with low shoes or pumps, scarcely reaching to the instep, and tied with red tape in the shape of a bow-knot; they are broken at the tops, and his toes protrude a little from one of them. His hair is of an iron-grey colour, but thick and bushy, and rolled in fantastic masses above his ears. His head-dress, or gear, as he was wont to call it, presents the strangest anomaly of all; and stamps him as a man somewhat eccentric in his habits, and independent of the conventional usages of ordinary rural life. It is of glazed leather, polished, and shining like a mirror; and in shape and structure like a beehive, save that it has a broad

rim, and flat top. The whole surface of this hat is covered with arithmetical figures made with chalk, and disposed in lines, squares, and parallelograms, according to the nature and extent of the calculations they were intended to represent. This completes his costume, with the exception that his shirt, which is of striped calico or cotton, is fastened at the neck with a broad green ribbon, the ends of which hang down some distance on his breast. His companion is a man of the ordinary stamp of rural labourers, short, stout, and muscular, and evidently of a quick and vigorous intelligence, and is now in the act of brandishing his arm, as he exclaims,—

“No, Jack; I tell you what—it ’ud be betther for a man to be a galley shlave all his born days than to be in the power of those shoneens av blazes that haven’t a heart for God or man. Where’s the use in talkin’, man? If you wur an angel from heaven—and you’re not—you couldn’t stand their grinding and parsecution;—and what for do they trample on the poor people this way? Was the counthry made

for *them*? Was *we* made for *them*? Is there a God above us? I ask you that?"

Here the speaker flung himself at full length on the ground, turning his face upwards to the sky, and folding his arms across his chest; then closing his eyes, he seemed to have fallen into a sudden fit of the most imperturbable repose.

The man thus addressed as "Jack," raising his hand quietly to his head, lifted up the glazed hat, and with a slow, semi-circular motion, brought it in a right line with his eye; and there poising it for a moment, he laid it on the ground by his side. He then, with a meditative movement of his head, looked upwards to the blue vault of heaven, and again slowly dropped his eyes until they settled upon the crown of the hat, when he muttered in broken accents,—

"There's a reason for everything under the heavens, and above the heavens—blow me if there be'nt. Well," he continued, "if Squire Croker ejected poor Ryan, he had his reason for it, I s'pose; and if so, he was right. Reason must be our landmark

in our voyage along this here coast, as well as elsewheres ; I never known it to fail in foul or fair ; weather ; blow me if I did. And so I always said when I was talking to my worthy and noble friend, old Squire Granville, may God receive him in glory ! a noble soul with all his slips, and slides, and follies. But he is gone."

"Oh," drawled his companion, as he opened his eyes, and looked into vacancy, "the Granvilles are a different kind of people entirely—'t isn't one day themselves and the Crokers ought to be compared. The Crokers were always nothing but shoneens of the devil—that's what I say, Jack Gorman—and you know it as well as any man in the country."

Saying this he rose from his recumbent position, and was proceeding to his work, when looking around in the direction of the narrow byway that led to the field, he exclaimed, "There goes Master Herbert ;—poor fellow !—maybe he is goin' to have a little poetry with his *colleen*, Miss Fanny—a darlin' crature she is."

Saying this he walked away, followed

by the other labourers, and resumed his work. Jack Gorman, for such was the name of him of the glazed hat, rose at the same time, and taking his reaping-hook he handed it to one of the women, saying,—

“I must tack for an hour or two, Nelly take this and put it away safe till I heave round again.”

He then stepped on lightly to the head-land, and taking a loose, grey, broken coat which lay at the bottom of the hedge, he flung it over his shoulders, and advanced to meet Herbert Granville, the young person alluded to. As the two met, they turned short into an opening that led by a circuitous route towards the rear of the farm-house, which stood a little above the cornfield, where the reapers were employed. Having arrived at a thick, low shrubbery which shaded the house towards the north, they sat down upon a green hillock, overshadowed by a tall sycamore, and commenced to converse. But before retailing the burden of their conversation, we shall introduce our young hero to the reader.

Herbert Granville was a young man of

about eighteen years of age, tall, handsome, and graceful. His lower limbs were straight, and elegantly shaped, and exhibited as he walked that species of elasticity or springiness which gives indication of a proud and lofty spirit. His complexion was fair, and might, perhaps, be deemed delicate, if it had not been for the light which radiated his countenance as he cast his eyes around, and gave expression to his sentiments or feelings as he passed along. His cheeks, which were round and full, had a roseate freshness, which appeared to be heightened by recent exercises, and glistened in the light of a pair of dark brown eyes—eyes, too, which shone with that openness and lustre which indicate generosity and candour. His nose was of the Celtic caste, straight and handsome, with a very slight touch of an upward inclination at its top; his mouth was full and expressive; and his lips, when raised in the excitement of conversation, revealed two rows of teeth, even and smooth like circles of ivory. His dress



presented nothing to distinguish him, it was that usually worn at that season of the year by young men of his class, which was that usually denominated "country gentlemen," though in his case the ordinary pretentious flash and cutaway style was set aside for one more grave and graceful, for he wore a black cloth frock-coat over a dark striped vest, and light grey pantaloons.

He carried a book under his arm, which from its size and binding appeared to be a copy of an edition of one of the poets, which had at that time been recently issued from the press. Such then were the figure and appearance of our hero as he walked side by side with our eccentric acquaintance, Jack Gorman; and seating himself on the green sward beneath the shade, entered into conversation with that worthy.

"Well," observed Gorman, "have you looked straight at what I've been sayin' to you? or are your optics still unclarified, and lost in the mist of speculation? It is time for you to fix on the point of the compass that you are to sail by, and to

remain no longer shivering your sails in the eye of the wind. Time and tide, you must know, wait for no one; and again, hesitation is the thief of time, and the mother of disappointment. There are men in the world who never do anything, but are ever and always waiting to do it. Time swings merrily by; the crops come and go; the seasons change; the world goes round, and they are never a league forward in the voyage of life. I've met many such in my circumnavigation of life, and blow me, if they didn't put me in mind of frozen crocodiles, a sweltering in the heat of summer, and shrunk and stiff, cold and dreary in the winther breeze. They're good for nothing, they're things out of nature; and Paddy Larkin himself—ha! ha!—couldn't tell what they were made for. But, talkin' of Paddy Larkin, steer clear of him; he carries too much canvas atop, little below, and no ballast in the hould. He said to me awhile ago, what do you think? why, no less than that Squire Croker, and all shoneens of his sort ought to be cleared out of the country,



and that it 'ud be only the part of a man to send a bullet through his waistband. I don't like this meand'rin' sort of talk, blow me if I do; and whenever I hear it from the lips of man, woman, or child, I set my proboscis against it, and I veer about on the other tack. Whatever way Croker served your father, no man has a right to take the law into his own hands, or to punish the stealin' of a rabbit by burnin' of a house. No, leave that to the right judge. There's a heaven and a hell, and there's a judge above all. Paddy Larkin's ways never turned out well for this world or the next; and the farther an honest man keeps out of his wake, the safer he'll be in his course, and the sooner he'll arrive at port. I don't mane to say that you're a man as is likely to sail under his colours; your blood is too good for that, and your knowledge is above it; but if you hail him under any stress of weather, or let him put foot on your deck, you'll be only givin' him powder, as it were, for his carbine, and trimmin' for his lugger. He will boast of your acquaintance, and lift

his jib to your wind. Cut clear of him, in every shape, manner, and form, and let him pick out his own nuts. He is an evil bird, and he'll have an evil end. Well, the world is quare, and it isn't quare; let every man sail under honest colours, let him keep an eye to win'ard, and steady his helm, and all will go safe; *all will go safe*. Yes, *all will go safe*, no matter how it ends; for to *live*, or to *die*, is neither good nor evil; but to *live honestly*, or to *die honestly*, is what I call *good*, both the *one* and the *other*. Yes, Masther Herbert, that's the long and the short of everything on board this here world of ours."

While Jack Gorman was thus airing his philosophy for the benefit of his hearer, young Granville was indulging his fancy in the pages of the volume which he held open before him. Occasionally, he would raise his eyes from the volume, and smile at the combined volubility and philosophy of the speaker; but at length, finding that a pause had been made in the elocution of his friend, he closed the book, and commenced to speak.

“I agree with you, Jack, in all you have said ; but I must take leave to correct what I conceive to be your erroneous impressions with regard to the relations subsisting between myself and Paddy Larkin. Paddy, as you are aware, has been a long time in the service of our family, though since my father’s death he has left us, seeing that we had no further employment for him. This is the sole ground of his familiarity with me, to which you allude. He has been always a faithful servant, while in our family, and whatever may be his errors then or since, of which I am certainly ignorant, one thing I venture to say, that there is not in all Ireland a man of kinder and more generous feeling, or who would be less disposed to do an ignoble act. As to his connexion with the Whiteboys, or Whitefeet, or whatever they call them, of that I am wholly unacquainted. He has never mentioned a word of it to me, and I assure you that I feel no interest in such subjects. Yet, I cannot shut out from my mind the unhappy condition of our suffering country, a condition which would seem

to have been superinduced by some curse or fatality, or whatever it may be called, from a remote period. It is a condition, however, which cannot be remedied in the way that those secret and illegal societies would seem to point out. Many of our evils, I fear but too many, have been brought on by our own improvident and reckless conduct; and if ever our state is to be improved, rely upon it, such improvement must come from principles of conduct entirely different from those which have marked our career for years past. But again, what hope is there, or can there be, of a change of condition for the better, whilst the landed interest of this country continues to be used in the way it has been these centuries past by the Government of England? We seem to be but a mere outpost of British interests, and to be maintained in that most anomalous condition through the agency of our own landed aristocracy. But all this perversion of things is simply the evolution of history; we were conquered, how or when, it matters not to inquire, but the result of that

conquest is the state in which we now find ourselves. Tributary events and circumstances have heightened the results of this conquest—such as repeated colonizations, or plantations, as they are called, the introduction of a new system of religion, and the abolition of our own Parliament—these things have but served to render the conquest not only more galling, but more hopeless as to any reaction in the circumstances produced by simple conquest alone. But enough of this, I wish to speak with you on matters more immediately affecting me at present. Have you seen Miss Moore? ”

“Have I seen Miss Moore? Yes, of course I have ; and I have spoken to her, too, about everything concernin’ yourself and herself, and found her what I always knew she was—sound in hull, masts, and rigging ; a craft fit for any weather.”

While saying this, Jack Gorman, or the captain, as he was sometimes euphoni-ously styled, removed the beehive hat from his head, and placing it between his knees, with the concave upwards, he drew from

its lining—which seemed to be divided into compartments or pockets for the reception of various articles of daily use or reference, such as ribbons, accounts, ballads, newspapers, letters, and other literary curiosities—he drew from amid this varied store, a small note twisted into the shape of a true lover’s knot, and handed it to Herbert. As he did this, he pursed up his lips, and commenced whistling, in a low subdued strain of melody, a lively Irish jig, to the measure of which he assented by the swaying of his head upward and downward; whilst, meantime, he busied himself in replacing in their proper receptacles a few scraps of paper, printed and written, which had come out with the note.

Herbert unfolded the *billet-doux*, for such it was, of his beloved, and looked pleased as he read it. He then said, turning to his companion, “What did she say, when you hinted the probability of my leaving the country? Did she look satisfied?”

“Look satisfied! no; that was not to be counted on; why should she? Did you



ever know or hear of ship, barque, schooner, brig, or pinnace, that looked quiet and easy with the wind ahead? 'Tis not in nature to put that in the calculation. No, but she looked calm, trembled a little, and balanced her head in the palm of her hand. I need tell you no more. When I told her how you should return to the old place, and wake up all its glories again, as the poet says, and when she would be the brightest jewel there, she smiled, and then leaving me, she said she'd be back in a few minutes. She returned, gave me that dockyment you have in your hand, and told me to be sure to see you and deliver it to you safe; and so my song ends."

Herbert rising, placed the note in his vest pocket, and after enjoining upon his companion to meet him at a certain specified place on the next evening but one, he placed his book under his arm, and left the shrubbery.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE CAPTAIN AT HOME.

AFTER Herbert Granville had passed on in the direction of the public road which led down to the village, and was fairly out of sight, Gorman also left the shrubbery, and taking a circuitous route, in order to avoid returning to the corn-field, where we found him employed some short time since, he entered by a small gate into an orchard in the rear of the farm-house; and passing thence through a turnstile in the farm-yard, he approached the barn-door as if to speak to a gentleman who was standing near it. No sooner had the gentleman, who was no other than the owner of the place, Mr. George Moore, recognized Gorman, than he cried out,—

“Hallo, captain, is that you? you are the very man I wished most to see. Can



you let me know the quantity and amount of that flour which I had sold Jones at Corrigcastle last week? There is some dispute about it; and I have in some way or other mislaid the papers; so that I was anxious to see you. But upon inquiring after you from the reapers in the field, they told me you had left some time ago. Can you help me in this business?"

The captain replied only by slowly removing from his head the glazed hat; and after turning it round and round as though in search of the particular square or parallelogram of chalked figures with which it was adorned, he at length fixed his eye steadily upon one of those figured decorations, and read from it the information sought for by his questioner.

"That's it, exactly," he exclaimed, "to the hundreth part of a decimal; but to satisfy your honour that all is square and tight, I will corroborate the report of the day-book by the contents of the ledger;" and drawing from the interior of the hat a brown coloured strip of paper, he presented it to him.

It accorded, in its contents, with the figures on the hat; and Mr. Moore expressed himself satisfied with the correctness of the record.

“Now, captain,” he added, “if you would be good enough to just go down to the men in the field below, and tell Paddy Larkin that I wish to speak with him for a minute, you would oblige me: and if you have nothing else to do to-morrow morning step down this way, and help me to make up those mill accounts that I was speaking to you about.”

“All right, squire,” replied Gorman, “I’ll deliver the message to that distinguished patriot—ha! ha!—and I’ll bear down to this here port at the first favourable breeze in the morning. Good-bye, squire,” he added, as he wheeled round on his heels, and touched his hat. Then springing over the low stile which separated the farm-yard from the adjoining paddock, he tripped down in the direction of the corn-field.

The reader cannot fail to notice, from what he has seen of the manner and

address of Jack Gorman, or the captain, that there was something in his habits and character which indicated a training or mode of life different from that of the class of field labourers with whom he was now associated. The peculiarity of his address, and the superior information and sagacity which he evinced, and which rendered him an object of evident consideration, not only to Mr. Moore, but also to Herbert Granville, gave evidence that he was a man of some degree of education, as well as of experience in the ways of the world; and that he also possessed an amount of discretion and of prudence, which entitled him to the confidence of those gentlemen. The eccentricity manifested in his attire, too, was calculated to attract attention, and to point him out as one who had a story to relate, or a record to refer to outside the everyday life of his rustic acquaintances. He was, in truth, a man of no small sagacity; and to the advantages which he owed to Nature, he added those of an early education, conducted with no little care in view of his moral improve-

ment and religious principles, as well as of his worldly advancement. His father had been a mechanic in comfortable circumstances, and had spared no expense in providing this, his only son, with the best education which the country schools in his neighbourhood could afford. Besides this, he had paid particular attention to his religious training, and to his practice and observance of those duties which the church of his fathers enjoined. So far, therefore, his education was in every way calculated to foster and develop his natural powers, and to render him at once useful to himself and to society. But the best intentions of men are oftentimes impeded and counteracted by circumstances and accidents which no foresight, no matter how wise or careful, can always obviate. The father having died, and the family being afterwards reduced to a state of great poverty and distress, young Gorman, who was then about sixteen or seventeen years of age, took a situation as junior clerk in a drapery establishment in the neighbouring town of Corrigcastle. He could do no better at the

time ; and to this he was impelled by his affection for his mother and two sisters, to whose support he was desirous to contribute in the only way which was then open to him. In this employment two years had passed over, when the family whom he so ardently loved, and strenuously laboured for, were suddenly laid on a bed of sickness, having been seized with a contagious fever which had been for some time raging in their vicinity. In a few weeks the mother and two daughters slept together side by side in one grave.

Poor John Gorman reeled beneath the blow : his spirit sank, and his usual energy and activity seemed to have forsaken him. He moped about for some time silent and disconsolate ; he abandoned his employment, and retired into the country, where he lived with an uncle, his mother's brother, until his grief began to subside, and the necessity of exertion was forced upon him.

One fine spring morning, within six months after the death of those whom he held so dear, he left his uncle's house,

and was no more seen in the places that knew him, until his name and his sorrows seemed to have been forgotten alike, and the waves of time to have closed over his memory.

More than a quarter of a century had passed away, and Jack Gorman appeared once more in his native village. He had returned from his wanderings beyond the wide Atlantic, and sought his early home again, there to pass away whatever additional years Providence might be pleased to grant him. Whether the years of his exile had improved the quality of his head and heart, we do not undertake to say; but that his knowledge of men and things, and his estimate of the world's mingled cup of happiness and misery were enlarged and improved, can admit of little doubt, as we shall have occasion to observe in the course of this history.

Having said thus much touching the life and character of the captain, we shall now follow him as he walks along by the hill-side in the direction of his dwelling. He delivered the message which Mr. Moore



had given him for Paddy Larkin; after which he sauntered along through the village of Ballydine, making short turns here and there, and entering the dwellings of the farmers and cottars, until the sun began to decline towards the verge of the horizon, when he bent his footsteps towards his own domicile, near the summit of the hill above the village. The going down of the sun was glorious on this August evening, the sky was calm, lovely, and clear, and the trees along the glens and by the waysides slept dreamily in the soft light. Having made a detour by the lower part of the village, called the *Cross*, and leaving Mulligan's tavern on his left hand, he struck into the mountain road, which we have already mentioned as leading to the rising ground above the Vale of Orma. After proceeding about a mile from the *Cross*, and keeping the high road for about half that distance, and a narrow lane, or *borun*, as it was called, which wound by the side of a deep precipitous glen at the base of the hill, for the remaining part, he struck off to the left, upon a path which

twisted diagonally along the rising ground until he came to a stream which tumbled amid rocks and stunted firs down to the ravine below. Crossing over this, on a sort of bridge composed of rough unhewn trees, lopped of their branches and cut into suitable lengths, he breasted the hill, over broken fields and ragged hedges overgrown and tangled with furze, fern, and briar, until he reached a point towards its summit, where a large boulder rock, fringed with heath and broom, and surmounting a small rush-grown hillock, arrested his progress. He ascended this rock, which was flat and somewhat depressed on the top; and seating himself on its outer edge, a smooth and level surface like the rim of a basin, he gazed down upon the valley that lay extended beneath him. The sight was, in truth, entrancing. The whole scene, which we attempted to sketch in our opening chapter, spread itself before him, bathed in the rich glories of a retiring sun; the sky waved its streamers of brilliant and ever-shifting hues above and around it; the river Orma



glistened and glowed in its serpentine course amid the wealth and luxury that lined its path; and mansion and cottage, park and grove, farmstead and hamlet, lay slumbering in the midst of the encircling splendours. Gorman's eyes seemed to devour the landscape; he folded his arms upon his bosom; his legs lay extended and crossed; his breast rose and fell with emotion; and his whole soul seemed rivetted upon the scene. What thoughts and memories then held revel in his heart and brain we shall not attempt to tell; but that the visions of his early life rose fresh and vivid to his mind, and touched his heart's most tender chords, we can readily conceive; for as he quietly rose from his seat, and drew his hand across his eyes, he uttered in trembling and broken accents,—  
“My own dear, dear mother! I see you near that tree again, as when your lips pressed my cheek, and you looked—oh, sweet mother!—you looked for the last time on your unhappy son. Oh! I was happy then; how happy, how happy!” He paused and again cast his eyes over the

scene, while his lips trembled and moved as though in prayer; but the next broken words he uttered were, "Sweet sisters! may heaven's light ever shine upon you. I remember the last time we parted. Death had laid his cold hand upon you:—sickness and sorrow were seated by our hearth-stone. My light of life went out, the darkness of despair fell like a heavy cloud upon my heart, and my soul longed to be with you in another and a better world. O God! my God!"

He turned from the scene, and slowly descending from the rocks, he made his way along the ridge of the hill amid a tangled growth of underwood and shrub, until he reached a large grass-grown hedge, shaded with willows and sycamores, and forming a frontage to a small garden. At the farthest point of this garden stood a small cottage, perched in a nook beneath a beetling rock, which rose like a castle wall above its humble roof. A small wicket opened into the garden, and from this wicket a narrow pathway, strewn with white sand, and bordered with box-trees and

rose bushes, led to the door of the cottage. Gorman passed through the wicket and entered the cottage door which lay open before him. A small chair made of straw, with arms and back of the same material, and displaying in its construction no small amount of artistic skill, stood within the door; upon this Gorman sat as soon as he had entered, and extending his legs and arms, with a long-drawn sigh, he muttered to himself, "This is my home—the poor old spot!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE DANCE—AND NELLY CORKORAN'S DREAM.

GORMAN's cottage—within whose portal he now reposed, after his day's varied labour, and his tramp along the hill—was a rather remarkable object amid the rude wildness of the surrounding scenery. It was, indeed, an oasis in the desert. It was known, among the neighbouring peasantry, by the name of the *Glazement*, from the circumstance, we believe, of its being furnished and adorned with windows of framed glass, shaped and fitted with a degree of propriety and fitness unknown among the rude and scattered dwellings which lay cowering in its vicinity.

Unlike those receptacles of squalidness and poverty, it presented a clean and cosy appearance, both inside and outside; and bespoke a degree of taste and refinement

in its proprietor unknown to his less enlightened and less provident neighbours. It had space, and comfort, and cleanliness in the interior, while its external aspect was marked with no ordinary degree of sightliness and elegance.

It was a thatched house, of rather ample proportions for its class, for it contained a kitchen or general room, spacious and lofty, two small bedrooms of convenient proportions whose doors opened at the end of this, and another small room, which was dignified with the name of store, at right angles with the kitchen and extending towards its rear, and partly cut into a crevice of the rock which beetled above it. A spacious hearth occupied one extremity of the kitchen; and a decent chimney of stone and mortar shining in whitewash, rose above the roof.

The windows, which were five in number, were, as we have said, framed and glazed, and decorated on the outside—at least four of them—with flowering woodbine, which gave a freshness and beauty to the little dwelling that was peculiarly

agreeable amid a scene so rude and repulsive.

The four windows thus adorned were the two that looked out from the kitchen and the two which admitted light to the bed-rooms, one of which was in a line with the kitchen windows, while the other looked out at the end. The fifth window was placed in the roof of the room called the store. The three front windows contained each six small panes, and each of the others four panes of the same size.

A small garden lay in front and extended beyond the two ends of the cottage; which garden was protected and ornamented at the same time by a hedge which ran around it till it met the rock in the rear. It was divided into plots and squares, devoted principally to cabbages and potatoes; but here and there were small beds of onions, parsnips, leeks and lettuce, garnished with rose bushes, tulips, lilies, and other floral beauties. The whole was shaded with a row of hawthorn trees, interspersed with tall sycamores and mountain ash which flung their fragrance and their shadows at

the same time around the precincts of the cottage.

The little paths or walks which intersected the garden were trimmed with bachelor's buttons, pansies, and other small flowers, of different colour and variety, and covered with white gravel or sand; while a small circular patch of clover at the southern extremity of the cottage and garden, lay embosomed amid fragments of ragged rocks, hurled in fantastic disorder and confusion one upon another; and added to the delicious odours of the spot.

The small wicket which opened into the garden was painted green, as was also the cottage door; while the window sashes and sills shone in white: the roof was ornamented upon the top, and along the eave in front, with a sort of laced work of straw, which contributed in no little measure to its graceful aspect.

Standing at the door of this cottage, and casting the eye around, an observer could not fail to be impressed with a sense of the silence and desolation which reigned



on every side. It was not that there was an entire absence of cultivation and of dwellers, for there were many farm-houses and labourers' cabins scattered around everywhere; but from the manifest absence of supervision and of interest on the part of the owners of the lands, the impression became irresistible, that they had either abandoned their properties altogether as worthless, or were unable from some cause to exercise over it their right of ownership.

In a civilized country, and an age of progress, it was lamentable to observe the evidences of squalid poverty and neglect which appeared on every side; and this too in a region which nature had treated in no niggardly spirit.

The landscape was made up of hill, dale, glen, and plain, with a background of mountains retreating far away into the clouds. It was such a scene as the imagination could supply with a busy, and prosperous, and enlightened population, in the midst of flocks, and herds, and golden fields, a population abounding in the comforts, and the blessings of a progressive age;



yet there it lay in almost total silence, and in all but the absolute desolation in which the waves of the Great Deluge had left it.

Of course, it is not to be inferred that the extensive and varied country lying before us is altogether in its primitive state; by no means: but what we desire to show is this, that it was in such a state of deplorable neglect, as to be incapable of supporting a hundredth part of the population which might, under proper care and an enlightened system of culture, draw not only sustenance, but comfort and independence from its bosom.

The country though rugged and marshy in some portions of it, was on the whole capable of being brought to a high state of cultivation; and from its general outline, was calculated to present a landscape of no ordinary variety, richness, and beauty.

However, it is not our business to enter into discussions of political or rural economy; we must turn our attention to the *Glazement*, and introduce our readers within its cosy and decent walls. The kitchen, at the door of which the captain

was seated in his straw arm-chair, was, as we have said, a room of respectable size. Its furniture, though scanty, was decent and convenient. A dresser, a small deal table supported on a square frame with four legs, two or three strong chairs with rush or straw bottoms, a boss, or straw-seat, round and comfortable, a long bench of rude construction, and a short stool or two, constituted, with the chair on which the captain was seated, the whole inventory of the kitchen furniture.

The floor of this apartment was of earth, but so even, compact, and clean, that one might eat off it. The two little bedrooms were equally simple in their garniture, and cleanly in their appearance. Each contained a good-sized bedstead, with four posts, a rack for clothes, and a box—the box in that which appeared to be the captain's room, was not so much a box as a sea-chest, for it was long, strong, and massive, and had on its cover the letters J. G., cut with a penknife, or other sharp instrument, to indicate the name of its proprietor.

In this room were also some instruments and implements which indicated some of the employments or occupations of its owner, such as a violin, a flute, a fishing rod, a reaping hook or two, one or two small nets, and a shelf with a dozen or so of books upon it. Each room contained, besides the respective articles we have named, a small crucifix suspended above the head of the bed, and a picture of the crucifixion below at the foot, together with two or three small pictures of saints fastened upon the walls.

The room whose window looked out at the end of the cottage, was evidently that of a female, for the small rack against the partition contained several articles of female attire. In fact, the lady who occupied it was Nelly Corkoran, she to whom, the reader will remember, the captain handed the reaping-hook in the corn-field when he went to join Herbert Granville.

To remove all mystery on this subject then, we may at once inform the reader that Nelly was the captain's cousin, the only daughter of that uncle with whom he

had lived previously to his departure for America. She had married a man of the name of Corkoran; who, dying within a short space after their marriage, left her a widow with one child—a daughter. This daughter who, married a cottar in the glen beyond, and who was very comfortable and happy in her way, had several children, one of whom, a little girl, lived with her grandmother at the Glazement. The family of the Glazement, therefore, consisted of the captain (Jack Gorman had never married), his cousin Nelly Corkoran, and Nelly's grand-daughter, Minny Rice, a child about seven years old.

But while we are thus occupied in tracing the genealogy of the occupants of the Glazement, our friend the captain has disappeared from his seat at the cottage door; and Nelly and little Minny, in company with a stranger, a man of comic aspect and bearing, have passed through it, and are busying themselves—at least Nelly is—in putting the house to rights, lighting a fire in the hearth, and preparing supper. The stranger—who is not a

stranger after all, for he belongs to one of the neighbouring villages, and a great favourite to boot among the surrounding peasantry—is planted on one of the rush-bottomed chairs, with an oblong green bag, plump and stiff, laid on the table at his elbow; he is holding converse, or rather cracking jokes with the captain.

The captain, too, appears metamorphosed, for instead of the garb in which we first introduced him to the reader in the early part of the day, he is now arrayed in white linen pantaloons, falling gracefully over a pair of neat, tight pumps, and a light-blue swallow-tailed coat, with vest and necktie of unexceptionable style and material. In short, he exhibits, in dress and movement, the cut and fashion of a dancing master.

“Well, I tell you what, my diamond,” the visitor with the green bag was going on to say, addressing the captain, “I never seen you look smarther nor suppler than this blessed minute. God bless my sowl! to think of it is enough to make a man like myself as sprightly as a lark, and as frisky as a colt in a clover field. Well, glory be

to God, I can't complain myself; I am strong and hearty, full-winded, firm-limbed, light and airy—Irishman-like, my trump" (springing up and slapping his open palm on the shoulder of the captain), "prepared for war, women, and wine. That's the chat, my jewel. Well now, captain, I'll give you a blast on the *dhokauns*."

Here lifting the green bag from the table, he untied the string at its mouth, and drew from it a set of bag-pipes, or *dhokauns*, as he termed them, and seating himself again, commenced screwing them together.

Just as he had commenced this operation Nelly had supper prepared, and was covering the table with a clean coarse cloth, when three or four persons, young men and women, entered the cottage, with the usual salutation of "God save all here."

After a brief interchange of compliments and jokes, the new comers seated themselves on the long bench; and the man with the green bag broke into a merry



strain, plying his chanter with great vigour and dexterity.

“More power to your elbow, Denny, my rattler! you’re the boy can do it on the chanther,” exclaimed one of the new comers, a young fellow with a round red face and laughing eye, who was half reclining on the bench beside a merry looking girl with a white straw hat and blue ribbons, who was looking archly into the face of her companion.

“Now, Denny,” he continued, rising, “if you don’t play the ‘Humours of Glen’ for Bill Cleary here, without missing a note, I’ll make twenty smithereens of your pipes, and drive your caubeen flying into the chimney. Come, my rasper, up wid id.”

“Git away wid you, Ned Doolin,” replied Nelly Corkoran, who had just completed the supper arrangements, and placed a couple of chairs and a stool around the table. “Come, Dinny, and take somethin’ to ate before you plays any more.”

The table looked inviting with its burthen of hot smoking potatoes and



noggins of fresh skimmed milk, with a dozen of boiled shining hens' eggs placed in a wooden bowl at the top; and Denny, eyeing the feast (indeed, one eye was all the corporeal light he could command), immediately rose, unbound his instrument, which he laid aside, and placed himself at the table.

As he was going through this operation he kept bantering Ned Doolin:—

“And how is the *Colleen Duv*, Ned avick? Take care of yourself in that plantation, for I tell you a secret—and you may believe one Denis Mullins of the Glen, head piper of the Barony of Moonroe, when he speaks—I tell you this, avick, there's a fox near your hen roost.”

The girls laughed merrily; Ned bit his lip; the piper chuckled and commenced operations on the mealy potatoes; and Nelly pressed the boys and girls to join in the supper. They all refused, saying they had supped already; and remained on the bench exchanging jibes and jokes with Denny and with one another until the supper was ended.

“Now,” said Denny, as he rose from the table, and drew himself up in the centre of the floor, “I’m ready for action;—I’m like Lord Fairborough’s tenants, ‘neither dry nor hungry, but continted and happy, and burstin’ wid fun.’ Come now, my fair coaxers—ye charmin’ heart-breakers—I’m your man for the melody that’ll warm your tinder sows, and sind the blood a-frisking through your veins like summer light-enin’;—hee! hee! hee!”

He went into a fit of laughter, resembling the prolonged and jerking voice of a goat; and again resumed his pipes.

“Well, captain,” he said, addressing Gorman, “what’s your fancy?—the *Black-bird*? the *Bard’s Legacy*? *Cathleen Threel*? the ‘*Boyne Wather*’—hee-hee, hee! or the *Coolin*? Anything you like, John Gorman! for you and I can’t forget our *gorsoon* (boyish) years, when we played together, and thripp’d id on the loight fantashtic toe.”

“Pinnace, ahoy there,” exclaimed the captain, looking towards the girl with the laughing eyes, whose name was Peggy

Cummins ; and then stepping forth on the floor,—“Come, my Colleen Dhas (fair girl) let us laid the van. Give us *Haste to the Wedding*, Denny,” he said, turning to the piper, “and—whisper—may we soon be hastenin’ to your own. Come, sweep it along, my blasther.”

Denny commenced, but Peggy did not seem content ; and Ned Doolin taking the floor and leading the other girl out, suggested the *Fox-hunter’s jig* as a tune that would please all, “as there was love and jollity in id,” and it was a favourite with Judy Casey, his partner. Denny then jerked off the *Fox-hunter’s jig*, and the captain and Ned Doolin with their respective partners did ample justice to its measure. The piper interspersed his melody with an occasional *whoo-o-o*, while the dancers pounded the floor, flung their limbs into all sorts of attitude, cracked their fingers, whirled, curvetted, or jumped until thought, feeling, sensation, every faculty of the soul was involved in the vortex of the excitement, or carried along in the whirlwind of the music.

“That’s you, *Peggy Bawn*, whip it on the shtart; now for it, Judy, achra! grind it in the middle, and reel it off wid a slap—*whoo!* that’s you, my top! Heel it, captain; take the weather gauge—hee, hee, hee!—Ha, ha, Ned Doolin, missed the clinch; no dreamin’ of the Colleen Dhuv; mind your shteps—that’s you, my lark. *Bravo*, captain! heel up on the quarter, and let go your bowlin’, *hee, hee, hee!* flank the inimy, and haul up your braces—hee, hee, hee!”

Thus went on the piper, throughout the whole performance; until at length the dancers appeared over-breathed, and gradually subsided into a comparatively easy and rational movement, when they terminated the performance by a semi-circular movement on the part of each couple, with a bow and a scrape from the captain and Ned Doolin, delivered to their partners respectively.

“All right, Denny, *ma bhochal*” (my boy), exclaimed Ned, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and resumed his seat by Peggy’s side on the long bench—

“may you never loose the tin knuckles, my ould blowhard, or be disappointed by the girl you loves.”

“Thank you, Ned; I return you the compliment in regard of the girl; and believe me, it won’t be my fault if ye don’t be spliced before Advint; a word in the Coort, you know, is worth a crown in the purse.”

“Come, girls,” said Nelly, approaching the young women, and taking one of them by the arm, “come wid me, I want to show ye my new cloak; come, and lave those lads and Dinny settle the match atween um.”

The two young women sprang up from the bench, and followed Nelly into her bedroom, where a black teapot, some cups and saucers, and a plate piled with large slices of bread and butter met their delighted gaze.

“Sit down now, on the box here, girls, and we’ll have a snorin’ cup together. When I finished the bindin’ at Mr. Moore’s in the evenin’ I wint down to the *Cross*, an’ I bought the makins of this at Peter

Mackey's; and a nate drop it is ye'll find."

The girls laughed, pulled Nelly by the cap and gown, and sat down to enjoy her *nate cup of tay*, as she called it.

Now, at the time of which we write, which is some forty years ago, the use of tea in the houses of country farmers and cottagers was a thing so novel in itself, and withal deemed such a mark of extravagance and folly, that those who indulged in it were considered as being little short of lunatics. They had, to use the common phrase, "*neither sinse, nor shame, nor conduct, who went on wid sich doins'*;" yet the practice was secretly indulged in by some of the farmers and comfortable cottars' wives and daughters, especially those who "got a taste of the town," and had friends and cronies among the shopkeepers and tradesmen of the neighbouring towns. But while the ladies are secretly enjoying their odorous beverage, we shall return to our friends in the kitchen.

"Well now, Denny," observed the captain, "'tis a good spell ago since you and I

first joined in a melody together ; but ” (drawing a deep sigh) “ where’s the use of looking back to those ould times ? There was pleasure and merriment, to be sure ; and good and loving hearts to share it ; but there were dark hours, too, and sorrow, and grief, and misfortune had a finger in the pie. Never mind ; I like to hear the old songs and old tunes ; they always veers my heart round to the right point of the compass, and swells my sails in the voyage of life. Let us have one of the old tunes, Denny ; come, fly your jib, and give her topsails to the breeze.”

As the captain was proceeding in this strain of mingled soberness and levity, the cottage door opened, and three persons—two young women and a young man—entered. The captain immediately rose from his seat, and with playful politeness expressed the “honour and delight he felt on receiving within his modest castle his most illustrious and most welcome guests.”

“ I’m delighted to see you, Miss Fanny ; and you, Miss Granville, my sweet lady ;—how is every inch of you both ? Sit down



here :” and he placed seats for the two in front of the piper. “Master Harry, my noble gentleman,” he continued, “you’re welcome—here you are—sit here;” and he led him to a chair beside himself.

The new arrivals were, certainly, to use the captain’s phrase, illustrious looking persons, when taken in connexion with the place and its surroundings. It is true that they were not in dress or manner either very imposing or very formidable, yet, in both these particulars, they exhibited a very marked and very striking distinction from those in whose society they were now mingling. The young lady, named Fanny, was the daughter of Mr. Moore, in whose corn-field the captain was first introduced to the reader—and she whose name was mentioned in the interview between the captain and Herbert Granville in the shrubbery. She was a beautiful girl, and one whose appearance at first sight was calculated to leave a pleasing impression upon the mind. She was not tall; indeed she scarcely reached the middle height; but there was that in the shape of her face,

the expression of her eye, and the formation and outlines of her figure—in her hands, arms, bosom, waist, and lower limbs—as far as these last were indicated by her step and movement—there was that in all these which at once awakened in the heart and mind a sense of beauty and loveliness such as are rarely to be met with, and when met with, not easily to be forgotten. She was plainly dressed—a gown of cheap material, but of a neat striped pattern, surmounted by a light brown woollen cloak, of fine texture, that hung lightly on her body, and was fastened over her bosom with a small silver clasp, constituted the entire of her external decoration ; if we except a light pink kerchief that encircled her neck above the dress, and a small Leghorn hat, which rested jauntily on her head ; these, with a pair of slight, polished, leather shoes, and white cotton stockings completed her costume. Her face, which was rather round than oval, was fair and beautiful, and lighted with a pair of eyes of a clear bright blue, whose light was tender, soft, and wavy. Her head and neck were

covered and shaded with light brown, or auburn hair disposed in rich-flowing ringlets which rested upon the shoulders. Her hands were small, but plump and well shaped; and her feet were in keeping with the general symmetry of her person—small, curved, and elastic.

The other lady, who was attired in nearly the same style of costume, except that the colour of her dress was rather sombre, was certainly beautiful, though her beauty was different in character from that of her companion. Her person was taller and thinner, and her face, which was rather pale, was more inclined to the oval than to the round shape. Yet her face, neck, and shoulders presented an outline of exquisite curviture and grace; and her nose, which was slightly Roman, but neither large nor pointed, was in perfect keeping with the whole contour of the head and body. Her eyes were dark brown, and emitted a clear but gentle light, which at once impressed the beholder. She wore her hair, which was of a dark hazel colour, in folds above her ears, and fastened on her head

by a small comb of tortoise-shell. Her figure was light and graceful; and her whole person, bearing, and expression indicated refinement, gentleness, and good nature. The two ladies seemed of an equal age, which could not have exceeded seventeen or eighteen years.

Their companion, "Masther Harry," was a smart, active, handsome young man, of the middle size; with clear, flashing brown eyes, a bounding gait, and a cheerful aspect. He was dressed in a bottle-green frock coat, light vest, and light brown nankeen trousers. His neck was adorned with a striped silk tie, closed in front with an easy knot, which permitted the unrestrained play of a full round and white neck, rising between a pair of shoulders broad and manly. His hat was of brown felt, which covered a luxuriant growth of dark brown hair that waved and curled around his neck and ears like a cauliflower; his age might be nineteen or so. He was the brother of Miss Fanny Moore; and it was slyly whispered that he had "notions about Miss Julia," the other

young lady, who was the sister of Herbert Granville. But while we have been introducing the new visitors to the reader, Nelly Corkoran has not been idle in performing towards them the duties of hostess. She has them, we mean the young ladies just mentioned, already ensconced in the *sanctum* of her bedroom, with the two other young women; and while placing their hats and cloaks upon the bed, she is earnestly assuring them that a betther or neather bit of tay couldn't be got than that; for I bought id myself at Peter Mackey's, at the Cross; and you may be shure, miss," (looking sly at Fanny) "'tisin't the worst he'd give *me*. Come, ladies! now take the bread: maybe ye'd rather the cakes—here taste these now. Take another cup, Peggy: oh, is that the way wid you, Judy Casey? the sorrow o'good in yees at all." Thus was Nelly entertaining her female friends; while "Masther Harry" and the other young men were cracking jokes, and bandying mock compliments with the captain and the piper.

"Come, Denny," said the captain,

“make fast your tongue there; let go the main brace, and square the yards; and let the breeze fill the canvas. Now, Denny, for the sake of old times, give us the ‘Twisting of the rope.’”

“Bravo, captain,” exclaimed Harry; “Denny is the boy that will do it justice; and there can be no doubt that justice will not forget returning himself the compliment some time or other before his music is all forgotten, and will *twist the rope* for him in the presence of a large party of admiring friends.”

“Ah, Masther Harry” replied the piper, “I don’t know a gallow’s rope between Donaghada and Bantry Head that would refuse your four bones; if ’twas only for the sake of example to the risin’ generation. Be my word, you’d make a handsome picture shakin’ in the wind of a May mornin’. Hows’ever, here goes;” and he commenced tuning his pipes. He played the “Twisting of the Rope;” and followed it up, with a merry, rattling jig, to which he kept time with the movements of his head, and the rolling of his one eye,



occasionally lifting the chanter, and pointing it towards Harry; until he closed the rhapsody with a sudden jerk, and a *whoo-o-o* that rang along the roof.

“There, Harry, my nut-cracker,” he exclaimed, “what do you say to that?”

“Good, very good, indeed,” replied Harry. “I’ll become a witness to character for you, before the judge puts on the black cap, and while the rope is being greased.”

“Ha, ha, you gaol-bird,” was the rejoinder.

To give Denny his merit, he was certainly an admirable performer on his favourite instrument. He played with great skill, taste, and spirit, especially in that department of his art which embraced the dancing tunes then in vogue among the Irish peasantry, as well as the old planxties, and airs of a bygone era. In this twofold department he had none to surpass him in the whole country side; and he was, therefore, very generally employed in discoursing sweet music, not only by the peasantry at their weddings, and parties, and dances on the green, but also by the



gentry throughout a large area of the country around.

In the meantime, the ladies having partaken of Nelly's *tay*, and put themselves in order for the dance, issued forth into the kitchen ; and the evening's programme was proceeded with.

It must be observed here, that the captain was an accomplished dancer, and was acquainted with some of those fashionable dances which had then been recently introduced among the more respectable classes in the rural districts. He, therefore, gave lessons, sometimes at his own cottage, and sometimes at the houses of the country squires, to such as required his services in that way.

This was, then, one of his terpsichorean assemblies ; and he proceeded with the business of the evening. Miss Fanny took her lesson first, in a waltz ; then Miss Julia, in the same dance ; and afterwards the four ladies went through the process of instruction in a quadrille. After this the ladies joined the gentlemen in a cotillion ; at which all manifested equal expertness,

facing, crossing, and turning, with a rollicking alacrity and spirit that was truly exhilarating.

At the conclusion, the ladies retired with Nelly to the bedroom, to resume their hats and cloaks, as they thought it now time to prepare for home. The gentlemen, however, expressed an unanimous desire that the captain should favour them with a hornpipe, to which he manifested no reluctance, and Denny at once struck up "Murphy's Hornpipe." The captain bowed to the gentlemen; moved slowly forward and backward on the floor, with a lofty air of self-consciousness as to the superiority with which he was about to perform the dance; and at length flung himself into an attitude of earnest action. He hopped around, now on one leg, and now another in balanced unison with the strain; and returned in the same circle with increasing ardour: he then dashed in towards the centre, and facing the piper, pounded the floor, like a drum, for a few seconds, at the end of which he sprang into the air, and came down spinning on his

heels. He sprang up again, and again pounded the floor as before ; then flung himself to one side, back again ; down on one knee, up again ; struck the sole of one foot with his palm ; then the other ; and thus he continued in varied movement, now on a right line, now on a curve, swaying, kneeling, whirling, pounding for the space of ten or fifteen minutes ; while the ladies, who had come out to witness the performance, looked on with delight ; the gentlemen approved and clapped ; and the piper whoo-ood in unbounded transport.

At length the exhibition was concluded ; “good night ;” “a lamb’s rest ;” and “pleasant dreams to you all,” were exchanged between the several parties ; and the visitors retired : all but the piper, who remained for the night, as was sometimes his wont on such occasions.

The captain and himself were old and early friends ; and so they occasionally spent a night together, that is, when Denny was not otherwise engaged ; and when his mother, with whom he resided below in the glen, for Denny was a “single boy,”

as himself would say, was “easy in her mind about him.”

The company having gone, and everything being set in order, Nelly, according to instruction from the captain, laid a bottle of whisky on the table, and placing two tumblers and a bowl of sugar beside it, took a small skillet from the hob, and pouring its contents of hot water into an earthen jug, placed the latter vessel also upon the table.

“Come, Denny, let us have a sober glass together. The world goes round; but you and I will stick together in friendship and love while the breath remains in our bodies, please God. I’ll mix for you.”

The two friends sat together at the table, the sconce, or lamp which was fastened to the wall, flinging its soft light upon their countenances; while Nelly, who had seated herself on a box near the chimney, was engaged mending a stocking.

“Well, in troth, ’tis queer,” she said, in a low voice, as if talking to herself; “I never seen the like; never, never.”

“What is it, Nelly?” said the piper, looking round towards her.

“Oh, nothin’, only about a dhrame, Dinny.”

“Well,” observed the piper, “dhrames, they say, go by conthraries: I hope ’twasn’t about a weddin’: that ’ud be the sign of a funeral. And ’twould be bad to dhrame about a cat, or a magpie, or the like of that. By my throth, Nelly—to tell you the honest bint of my mind—I don’t set much value on dhrames at all. They’re nothin’ here or there; ’tis only the ramblin’ of the brain when the stomach is too hard set to aise itself, and sind the blood whisperin’ soft through the veins. Hows’ever, some believes in ’um, and some don’t; I am not all shure of it myself.”

“That’s good,” observed the captain; “but after all we may say or think, Denny, there is something in those drames,—at laste in some of ’um. That’s my opinion. But, after all, I’m no judge, and none of us is a judge in things of this sort; because why? because, you see, there is a great dale of book knowledge necessary

for a man to undherstand some things, especially things of this sort. Mother wit is not enough; that's very well in one way, but it's not enough, nor like enough in unravelin' what I may call *mystheries of science*. I heard Father Markham sayin' the same words—and who can go beyond Father Markham? But I like to hear dhrames tould myself; for someway or other, they're simple like, and just as if God—blessed be His holy name—was puttin' things before a person to warn us, and put us on our guard."

"Well," said Denny, "that's all fair and sthraight, John Gorman, and there's no contradictin' what you said about Father Markham, since, of course, no one knows bettther than him how things goes in th' other world, and in this too; but still and all those priests—and I spake wid raverance of their names—still and all, they don't want to tell you or me, or the likes of us, everything that consarns the business of th' other world. All that's of id, we're bound to do what they tell us, but we can't inquire too far. *That's my*



*vardict* ;” and raising the tumbler from the table, “ Here’s God bless us all, and may we never forget our duty to God and man. Your health, Nelly,” he said ; and then expressed his wish to hear her dream.

Nelly thus commenced, still plying her needle :—

“ Well, of all nights in the year, ’twas the day that Misther Moore gave the thrate to the boys and girls after they finished the reek near the big orchard ;—and a fine day it was, and plenty of eatin’ and drinkin’ was there : and shure enough Paddy Larkin was in his elemints ; ’twould do your heart good to see himself and Anty Dreelin batin id out on the lawn, and Masther Harry a playing on the fiddle for ’em. And when they finished the last step, ‘ Come, Nelly,’ said the ould masther, ‘ you and I must have a turn on the floor.’ Well, Dinny, in all your born days you never seen that man that was in spirits like the ould masther that day. ‘ Come, Nelly,’ says he to me,—and so he tuck myself by the waist, and says he to Masther Harry, ‘ Take up that vilin, you young



shkamp, and give Nelly and myself the “Humours of Glin.” Well, I was so ‘shamed, I couldn’t see the grass on the lawn, and everyone was laughin’ and hurrawin’ for the ould gintleman and myself. Hows’ever, we turned out, and Masther Harry struck up the ‘Humours of Glin.’ And if th’ ould masther didn’t cut capers, and shake himself, my name is not Nelly Corkoran. Every one clapped and shouted; and myself ran away behind the girls, when th’ ould rogue—God pardon me—was trying to catch me. Well, that night, when I wint to bed I began dhramin’; and what d’ye think appeared to me? As shure as I’m here I thought ’twas in Fairborough Park I was, and there was all the ladies and gintlemen in grand carriages rowlin’ along afore the Coort, and down the fields, and pipers and fiddlers playin’ as hard as ever they could, and more ladies and gintlemen dancin’ in the demesne in another place, and all laughin’ and cheerin’ and as funny as ever you see. And what did I see but all the carriages turned of a sudden into hearses, and black

plumes hanging about 'em; and cryin' and bawlin', enough to soften your heart. But who was there, d'ye think? God presarve 'em from all hurt and harm this night, I pray.—Ye'd never think? No less than Masther Herbert Granville and Miss Fanny Moore. There's for ye:—and she lyin' out in a corpse, the Lord save us, and everyone cryin' and grievin' for the sweet flower that was cut down in her bloom. And meetin' Peggy Cummins in the purcession, says I to her, 'Peggy *machree*,' says I, 'what come over her, or how did it happen at all, and she so young and fair, and sperited, and stout, and strong? but none of us is shure of the day nor the hour that the good God may call on us. And poor Masther Herbert!' says I, 'Peggy, what'll come of *him*? I pity 'im in my heart. See how pale and sorrowful he's lookin'. Oh, Masther Herbert! Masther Herbert! if there was one in the world that loved another in the heart widin', 'twas you that doated on Miss Fanny, the darlin' lady. And now she is gone from you, what'll become of you?'

And there myself and Peggy sat down under a tree cryin' and wailin'—but what d'ye think?—all of a sudden the sun blazed out in the shky, and sich beautiful light ye never see as began shinin' and sparklin' all over the demense and round about everywhere; and the hearses turned into carriages, and the funeral into a pattern, and there was music and dancin', and all sorts of merriment goin' on, and Masther Herbert and Miss Fanny in the middle of 'em, the most beautiful couple ever your eyes looked on. And up they came to myself and Peggy: and we jumped up wid the joy;—and, Lord save me! I struck my head agin the bed-post, and woke up."

"Hee-e-e! hee-e-e!" ejaculated Denny, as he threw himself back in his chair, and gave vent to a prolonged laugh.

"Be the powders of war, Nelly," he said at length, "you had a hard tussle of it. And what do you make out of it now? I'm thinkin' 'twould take the wisest men that ever was in Egypt to explain that dhrame. Well, at any rate," rising as he

spoke, and extending his arm with a long-drawn aspiration, "I'm for a good, sound sleep now. What's your will, captain?"

"I'm for the same," replied the captain, and both gentlemen retired into the front bed-room, leaving Nelly to tidy everything for the night. Nelly shortly afterwards followed the example of her companions, and all was soon silent in the Glazement.

## CHAPTER V.

THE GRANVILLES—HERBERT LOST IN  
SPECULATION.

PERHAPS there is nothing in all the perplexing changes and evolutions of life that is more trying and painful than the sudden descent from circumstances of affluence and luxury to a state of comparative poverty and want.

Here the mind and feelings become to a certain extent paralyzed; and deprived of their usual sustaining influences by the unexpected stroke of fortune, they collapse into such a state of helplessness and dismay as renders them wholly powerless in purpose and action. It is not that the accustomed comforts and indulgences are withdrawn from the sufferer in this retrograde destiny; it is not that he has fallen upon

rougher ground, and is obliged to plod his way through tangled and thorny paths from which his better providence had hitherto saved him, it is not all this that constitutes the sorrow and the bitterness and the pain of his altered situation; oh no, there is a something else that goes deeper, and sharper, and more excruciating into his existence, that pierces and stings and lacerates his very being, that scars his heart and blasts his brain; it is this, that the sympathies and affections of the soul undergo a recoil, which is followed by a wasting and desolation of the heart that rob life of its charms and darken and sadden its whole atmosphere. That pure gushing fountain of affection which God's own living touch called forth in the deep recesses of the heart is checked, and chilled, and frozen; it is driven backward in its soft sweet flow of friendship, of tenderness and of love, and made to recoil and darken, and thicken around its centre, stopping up the orifices of the heart, and overwhelming it in darkness and in misery.

It is true that there are to be found those who do not frown upon the sorrows of the poor and the unfortunate; but who, on the contrary, open their bosoms in sympathetic response to their woes and disappointments, and, thank God, it is so; but society so called, the taste, the fashion, the wealth, the grandeur—the great ruling circle of civilized life,—here it is that the children of misfortune are hustled from the scene, and sent back to fret, and sigh, and mourn in the dark corners of their isolation and neglect. Who is there that has not witnessed at one time or another, in the course of his or her life, if that life has been prolonged to any considerable extent, the coldness and neglect which have marked the conduct and bearing of individuals towards those who have fallen into poverty through the vagaries of fortune; but who, while the sun of prosperity had shone upon their pathway, were courted, and caressed, and idolized by those same individuals. It is then this repulsion, this laceration of the tender affections of the heart which gives to the blow of ad-



versity its darkest and deadliest effect. Everything can be borne but that; poverty, hardship, toil, all the various inconveniences and disadvantages accruing from a state of dependence and struggle are endurable, but neglect and contempt sit heavily on the heart, and crush all its vital energies.

But it may be said that patience and fortitude, which are attributes of the soul, and happily infused into it by the all-wise Architect of the human economy, are sufficient to counteract the evils here spoken of, and to convert them even into sources of contentment and peace. Doubtless this is true, for God “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;” but yet, in regarding the conditions of society, and the arbitrary laws, wise or unwise as they may happen to be, which it imposes on its members and its votaries, the punishment which it inflicts on the victims of variable fortune are difficult to be borne, and it is the living and active Spirit of the divine influence alone that can mitigate the severity of that punishment, and reconcile its

objects to their altered circumstances. The poor labouring classes, that is, those whose lot has been early thrown amid the hardships and trials of life, who have been born, as it were, to "earn their bread in the sweat of their brow," those are enabled from habitude and special adaptation to meet the rude storms of everyday life without feeling any great degree of mental or bodily disturbance; within their own proper sphere they may experience all the comfort and happiness arising from an easy mind, and a heart sustained and strengthened by the sympathies around them. But to such as have been born in a loftier sphere, and whose feelings and affections have been matured therein; and who have afterwards fallen by the stroke of adversity down to another sphere, where a different set of accidents and circumstances await them, the transition is dreadful, and the suffering intense in the highest degree.

All this, however, must, and can be endured, for Providence ever mingles the cup of bitterness with a proportion of honey that renders the draught bearable; but

yet the sudden plunge from one temperature of fortune to another much lower and colder cannot in the very nature of the human constitution but be attended with exquisite suffering. In many cases this change proves fatal; in many cases, too, it is followed by no very distressing results, and we may undertake to say that in many cases it may be attended with ultimate beneficial consequences; but in no case can it possibly occur without great immediate suffering.

Such is the nature of man, such is the nature of society; from the combined influences of both, the heart and mind equally suffer in the wreck of fortune. And this suffering is of a character different from anything that may arise in the lives of the ordinary poor, and far more intense.

The influence of religion, no doubt, restores peace to the sufferer and smoothes the path of affliction, and it is the only influence that can effect this; but in order to avail of the services of this sweet comforter of the human heart, she must be wooed and won in the hour when fortune smiles,

and not sought for merely when the gloom of calamity has spread over life's scene, and the light of enjoyment has faded from it, it may be, for ever. Religion invoked then, may not answer to the call, the heart may close its portals against the inspiration that can alone draw her down from her throne on high; and then, abandoned and wrecked, forlorn and desolate, the unhappy wretch sinks amid the dark and pitiless waves of adversity.

But in the midst of all this desolation of altered fortune, when the sympathy of friends wanes into indifference and neglect, when the light of social feeling fades into the darkness of exclusion, and when all that was once consoling, complimentary, and flattering has disappeared like sunshine from the scene, there is one steady changeless light burning through the gloom, and sending out its soft and mellow radiance to cheer the stricken wanderer's way, and that is the light of woman's love. No matter how fiercely fortune may deal out her blows to the wretched sufferer—no matter how deep his wounds, how dark

his sorrows, how hopeless his fate ; no matter by whom forsaken and despised ; the heart of woman offers him an asylum, and sheds hope and comfort, and healing in his path. And how strange is all this ! Is there not a divinity breathing in this extraordinary and wonderful sympathy which the heart of woman feels and exercises towards him she loves ? When all forsake him ; when heaven itself would seem to have closed its portals against him, when nothing save desolation and despair encompass him on every side ; then, oh then, comes out from the clouds this angel of light, spreads the wings of her love over and around him, recalls him from his sorrows, and pours balm into his wounds. Is this not a divinity ? If it be a divinity—and surely it is—what then is religion ? Is love religion ? God is love ; and the worship of God is love.

We shall now turn our attention to the Granvilles, and trace, in as few words as the nature of the subject will permit us, the outline of the history of that family. George Granville, the head of the family,

who had been dead for sometime previous to the commencement of our story, was a man of honourable descent, as well as of honourable conduct, though not distinguished in the management of his affairs by any great amount of prudence or of foresight. In fact, he was a most improvident man. His conduct, it is true, though improvident and careless, was not that of a man who was indifferent to the interests of his family, or who rested satisfied with procuring his own gratifications while in this vale of tears, but not unwilling to allow his children to sink or swim after he had himself passed away from the enjoyments and pleasures of life. No, he had combined in his character two traits which appeared not a little contradictory, he was fond of his ease and comfort, and spared no expense to ensure them; while, at the same time, he felt anxiety—indeed, the only anxiety he ever seemed to feel—that his children should be independent and happy after him, and with this view he was ever planning and devising new schemes for the improvement and enlargement of



his property, but never putting those schemes into operation. In plain terms, he was a *busy, idle* man, fond of himself, and fond of his family, but never advancing the prosperity of either.

He had inherited considerable property in land from his father; which, though not a fee-simple property, was yet a secure inheritance, and a source of unfailing revenue, if only attended to and managed with ordinary care and attention. This property, which was let, or sub-let rather, for as we have said, it was not held in fee by the Granvilles, to some twenty or thirty tenants, brought in an income of some fifteen hundred pounds a year, clear of the rent charge of the first proprietor or owner, Lord Milford, an absentee landlord. Indeed his lordship probably never knew clearly that he had any claim at all upon those lands whence the Granvilles derived their chief income; inasmuch as he had never seen them, perhaps never heard of them, and most certainly never troubled himself about them. He had one chief agent over his whole property, which



lay in different parts of the country, and from him he received every half year a certain amount of rental, without troubling himself about the particular lands that produced it, or the accounts which were connected with it. This agent of his, one Bartholomew, or Bartley Croker, managed the property and tenantry as it seemed well to him; and Lord Milford felt satisfied that everything was as it ought to be. Besides the townland of Gurthroo, from which George Granville derived the revenue we have mentioned, he held a small piece of land on the estate of Fairborough, containing a beautiful mansion, lawn, gardens, and sheepwalks, on which he resided. For this he paid an adequate rent to the Earl of Fairborough, who was a resident nobleman, and one who differed almost in every respect from his brother peer, Lord Milford. In addition to all this, George Granville derived a nice income from a small property owned by his wife, who was the daughter of a gentleman residing in a neighbouring county. So that altogether his circumstances were independent, and

such as promised a fair prospect of independence and happiness to his descendants. But, as we have said, he was a man of strange contradictions; he loved his ease, and he loved his pleasures; and although he loved his wife and children too, he never could accommodate himself to the only rational mode of practically manifesting that love. That is, to husband his means, and so secure the permanence of his income as to render it a perpetual fountain for their use and enjoyment. No, he could not acquire, under any change of events, or from any example of experience throughout his career, the simple knowledge contained in the common phrase which was so often on his own lips,—

“Be wise and beware,  
Of blessings take care.”

He raced, he hunted, he gave great dinner-parties, he drank, he kept a pack of harriers—in short, he did everything that was done by everybody else in his station, without regard to means or results, but from the sole motive of leading what he

called an "easy life," and of being as "good as his neighbours." This was bad enough, but even this might be borne to a great extent, if due attention had been paid to the interests of his property. This property, that is, the land of Gurthroo, might be greatly enhanced in value if he only devoted a little expenditure to its improvement. It consisted, in great part, of hilly and marshy land, which, if judiciously manipulated, would increase in value nearly twofold. But this he would not trouble himself with; he wished to live "at his ease, and make his family comfortable." This was his mode of reasoning; this was the sort of vague idea he possessed of happiness. He felt "at ease" when hunting and racing, or drinking and carousing; but to plan and oversee the improvement of his property would be a trouble altogether incompatible with his view of what constituted "ease." Bartley Croker, the chief agent of Lord Milford, however, soon brought him to his senses, and showed him the value of living at his ease. This man, who had formerly been a practising attorney, and who, as the

tenantry used to say, was a match for the devil—indeed he went by the *sobriquet* of “Bartley the devil”—was very forbearing towards George Granville, as regarded the collection of the rent charge on the lands of Gurthroo. He never troubled him about it in fact; but on the contrary, whenever Granville referred to it at their convivial meetings, Bartley would pooh-pooh the whole thing as not worth mentioning. “Don’t mention it, Granville, my dear fellow,” he would say, “’tis all right; the fact of the matter is, I question whether there is any claim upon you at all. At all events, never trouble yourself about it; I’ll manage all that for you.”

“Yes, Croker,” Granville would say, “I have often reflected upon that myself, and I must say that in the main I agree with you. It is, and ever has been, a question with me, whether or not my ancestors possessed a prior claim to the property—ay before the name of Milford was known. But, however that may be, I don’t care to trouble myself about it; I feel as indepen-

dent a man as Lord Milford himself—yes, and by the great Cæsar,” slapping his clenched hand upon the table, “I can boast a longer line of honourable descent than any Milford that ever rose from the ashes of his country.”

“I have always said so,” would be the rejoinder, “and more than that, I have ever contended that, if the matter were well examined into, your prior right to the inheritance of Gurthroo could be established beyond a cavil. But, look here, my dear sir, it is not for me to express publicly—you understand me—opinions of this sort. I have a duty to discharge to my principal; and that I shall fulfil to the letter; but in your case, my advise is *sub rosa*, of course, never trouble yourself with the payment of that rent charge. My Lord Milford himself is quite conscious of the dubious nature of his claim; and, depend upon it, he does not desire to stir up litigation upon those points.”

In such manner would this crafty and unscrupulous agent act upon the indolence and vanity of Granville and lull him into

an oblivion of what related to his duty and his interests. The consequences of all this must appear very evident. George Granville allowed the Gurthroo property to run into arrear, until the amount was such as rendered it impossible for him, in view of his other liabilities, to meet it; and, consequently, in the course of not many years, the crash came which reduced the Granville family from a state of independence and of luxury to comparative poverty and destitution.

Bartley the Devil had waited his opportunity until the accumulation of arrears was such as to ensure success to his design, and then he struck quick and hard. The lease of Gurthroo was transferred to him by Lord Milford, with a small rise of course in the rent, but still it was merely nominal. Ash Grove, the residence of the Granvilles, became for a time the abode of keepers, bailiffs, and proctors. Mrs. Granville's dowry, which consisted of the profit rent of a property bequeathed to her by her father, in a neighbouring county, as already referred to, was also embraced within the



grasp of the law ; and ruin and desolation sat cowering on the rooftree of a once wealthy, independent, and happy family. Lord Fairborough, however, in accordance with his kindly nature, dealt considerately and gently with the family. He forgave them all the arrears of rent due to him on the Ash Grove property ; and otherwise aided and relieved them under the pressure of their distress. Not so with the attorney agent, *he* took his pound of flesh ; *he* had no mercy ; *he* was implacable ; *he* was acting for his employer, he said (the same employer was out of the country, and knew nothing of the event beyond his agent's version of it, and that was *honest*, no doubt) ; *he* understood the rights of property, and would maintain them ; and so *he* seized, and clutched, and sold everything that he could lay hand upon. But George Granville was in an ocean of debt ; from year to year he had borrowed large sums of money to maintain his sporting extravagance ; his betting losses alone amounted to several thousands, and all those sums had been borrowed. Such then was the



ultimate result of that “easy” life which he had prided himself on passing; a life, by-the-bye, which so far from being “easy,” was one of the most harassing and tumultuous, and floundering that it was possible to conceive. He now, feeling a little *depressed*, as he would say—this depression was despair—began to attach himself with unusual ardour to the whisky bottle; until after a few years of drinking, and sleeping, and moping, he passed away from the scenes of his folly and his improvidence, leaving his family of two sons and a daughter, with their poor afflicted mother, to bewail their unhappy lot. But, to do justice to the memory of the unhappy man, some short time before death had come to him, he opened his eyes to the magnitude of the follies and wrongs he had committed; he became repentant, he wept for his wife and children, whose attentions to his declining health and to his comfort were constant and loving. And when the final moment came, his last words as he expired in their arms, were—“Kate—my children—pardon, pardon—love me

—O God ! my God, mercy—have pity on—them.”

After this sad termination of a reckless and improvident career, the widow and children endeavoured, as far as circumstances enabled them, to make their present condition bearable. They were greatly assisted in this by the kindhearted benevolence of Lord and Lady Fairborough, who not only frequently visited them, but did them such other acts of kindness, and in so delicate and considerate a manner, too, as greatly lightened the burthen of their calamity, and strengthened them to a renewal of exertion in their now contracted and difficult sphere. Of the three surviving children of George Granville, two, Herbert and Julia, had finished their education in the seminaries of the neighbouring city of Cushport ; and the other, George, who was called after his father, and was about twelve years of age, had up to a recent period attended a school in the village, and was now about being placed under the tuition of a gentleman who taught a class composed of the sons of the neighbouring

gentry in a villa close by; the intention being to have him prepared for the study of the medical profession. Herbert possessed a high order of talents, and had greatly distinguished himself at college. He was high up in the mathematical sciences; and his classical attainments as well as his intimate knowledge of some of the languages of Europe, gave a depth and richness, as well as a polish and brilliancy to his mind, which rendered him one of the most accomplished gentlemen in his county.

Julia also was highly educated; not only was she acquainted with music and the languages of Italy and France, but what is of far superior importance—indeed of the highest importance as a subject of true and genuine education—she was thoroughly imbued with the principles of the Christian religion, and with a knowledge of the duties of life. She was besides a lady of active habits; and intelligent and judicious in the management of domestic matters.

Mrs. Granville was, at the time of

which we write, greatly broken down in mind and body, but yet her fine natural character was visible through the clouded atmosphere that surrounded her; and young George, though yet in the bud of life, showed unmistakable symptoms of the prominent characteristics of the family.

There lived with the family at this time, and for many years previously, an old gentleman, brother of Mrs. Granville, whose name was Benjamin Brown, or "Uncle Ben," as he was familiarly called in the household. He was her second eldest brother, and had never married. He had a small income derived from property left him by his father, with whom he had lived until the death of the latter; after this event he removed from the old family residence, which had now come into the possession of his eldest brother and his children, to Ash Grove, the residence of the Granvilles.

Uncle Ben was a good and amiable man, and was very much attached to his sister, Mrs. Granville, as well as to his nephews and niece. He was fond of

hunting and shooting, but after the calamity that had befallen the family he gave up these sports, and turned his whole attention to the management of the few acres which surrounded the mansion of Ash Grove.

In point of fact, if it were not for Uncle Ben, it would be difficult to see how the family could now get on. He bustled about, and inspected and superintended everything; and was the greatest possible support to the spirits and hopes of every one. He was a fine, portly, cheerful man, with a noble and benevolent countenance, over which a ripple of discontent scarcely ever passed. He had a brother, of whom he often spoke with great affection and admiration. He was next to himself, and a year or two younger; but he had been away in Canada for many years, where he had settled upon some lands which the Government had bestowed upon him in consideration of his services as a British officer. He frequently communicated with him; and kept him posted up on the principal events that were transpiring in

the "Old land of St. Patrick," as he would say, but especially in all matters that affected the "old stock."

One evening, a few months before the commencement of our story, as he sat in the parlour in his old brown leather arm-chair, while Mrs. Granville, Julia, and Herbert were seated around the table, occupied in reading and conversation, he turned round, taking his pipe from his mouth, and leisurely emitting a long line of blue smoke into the air, and addressing Herbert, said,—

"Herbert, I have received a letter from brother Felix to-day; I forgot telling you before;—but I don't know that I have seen you to-day before."

"Upon my word you have, uncle, for I was in the back meadow with you in the morning, looking at the grass, and talking about the prospect of the hay-crop."

"Oh, to be sure," said Uncle Ben, "so you were—confound it, how things do sometimes slip from my memory. But then, I hadn't received the letter at that time: it was only about four o'clock in



the afternoon I received it. Well, what do you think the old major says?—not that he is very old either; for, confound it, I'm not old, and he is a year or two younger. How years do pass to be sure! Now, when I was a young man, that is, about your age, or a little older—you are not much over eighteen; for Julia won't be seventeen until next August, and you are only eighteen months older than her; what would that leave you? I can't calculate it precisely myself."

Herbert and the ladies laughed; but Uncle Ben continued,—

"I should say, according to my calculation, that that would leave you eighteen years and two months."

Herbert and Julia burst into another fit of laughter; but Mrs. Granville looked a little puzzled.

"Yes," continued Uncle Ben, "this is June, and from this to August are two months, that is it; so that you are then exactly eighteen years and two months."

"Well, really," observed Mrs. Granville, "that looks like it, but still it cannot be



correct, for Herbert was born on the 12th of February; so that if he were only eighteen years and two months now, he must not have been born until April; so there must be a mistake somewhere, Ben," and she smiled.

The young people again burst out into immoderate laughter, while Uncle Ben and Mrs. Granville looked at each other with a puzzled but smiling expression of countenance.

"Now, mamma," said Julia, "you cannot be in earnest," the tears still rolling from her eyes from the laughter, "you cannot be serious, mamma, surely!"

"How serious, dear?" observed Mrs. Granville. "I am quite sure that the 12th of February is Herbert's birthday; I don't make any mistake in that; and I cannot, therefore, see why you should take me up, my dear; but I do confess that I cannot still make out that Herbert's age now is only eighteen years and two months, for assuredly on the 12th of August next you will be seventeen and he will be eighteen and a half."

“Well now, mamma,” broke in Herbert, “don’t you see you have only to deduct from eighteen years and a half, the two months intervening between this and the 12th of August, and you have my present age exactly, which is eighteen years and four months?”

“To be sure, Herbert,” ejaculated Uncle Ben, waking up from a reverie in which he seemed buried for the last five minutes, “two from six leaves four, that’s plain to anybody; don’t you see it now, Letty?” (Letitia was the Christian name of Mrs. Granville.)

“Well, I knew,” observed Mrs. Granville, “that there was some mistake, and I now see how we both were led into it; we were allowing ourselves to suppose that Herbert was born in this month, and we added to his age the two months between this and August, forgetting that in August he will be eighteen years and a half, instead of eighteen years and four months, which our mode of calculation would leave him.”

“Well, upon my word I am glad the

thing is satisfactorily arranged at last," observed Herbert, as he leant back in his chair and began tossing his sister's curls around her neck, and facetiously commenting on their disorderly appearance. But, uncle, what about the letter? How is Uncle Felix?"

"Oh, confound it," exclaimed Uncle Ben, "it had nearly passed out of my mind. But, Herbert, he is still most desirous to have you with him. You know, Letty, like myself, he has remained a bachelor—he shall never marry now. That disappointment he met with at Dublin he never could get over. Confound me, if I ever believe that she rejected him; but, you see, that hard-hearted speculating father of hers who was aspiring to build up a family—he was of very low origin himself—he it was who compelled her to marry the other. You see he had the advantage of possessing a handsome estate, while Felix was dependent entirely upon his commission. But at any rate, like myself, his marrying days are over."

"Why, uncle," observed Julia slyly,

“many men much older than you have married—how I should be delighted to have an Aunt Brown!”

“Get away with you, you baggage! a pretty thing indeed, at my time of life to enter into the cares and anxieties of married life.”

“What, uncle? you don’t mean to say that married life is perplexed with more cares and anxieties than single? All have cares, married and single, no doubt, but I fancy that when the balance is struck between single life and married, all things being weighed, the former has nothing to boast over the latter in that respect.”

“Well,” replied Uncle Ben, “much depends on circumstances, indeed, the chief circumstance is the suitableness of the persons who are united; if they accord in every essential particular, then I say—all else being right, I mean as to establishment—then I say, that the married life is the better and happier. But the union of two persons incompatible in character and manner, must be a fearful trial upon the patience, and a desperate drawback to

happiness. Confound me, if I would not rather live alone in a wilderness than be so united. At any rate, Julia, my dear, your old Uncle Ben is not at all likely, at this time of day, to change his present condition. No, no—but hark’ee, Julia, I hope I am not going to die before I see somebody I know enjoying the blessings of matrimonial life—ha! ha! you little rogue,” and he touched her chin with glee.

“But,” he continued, directing his observations to Herbert, “brother Felix expresses great anxiety to see you. He thinks that Canada is the only place for you under present circumstances; it offers, he says, a fine field for young men of energy and ability; and he states emphatically that if you join him, all that is his, or may be his hereafter, will be yours in due course. That is something to think of, my boy; it is not every day that a man is presented with a golden plum. Yet, notwithstanding all this glitter in the distance, I am not the man that would force any person to act against his convictions, or his views as to what was

necessary for his welfare and happiness. What is a blessing to one is often a curse to another; so that no man—or woman either—should be coerced into any manner of proceeding that did not run in a straight line with his feelings. Why, man, if I only desired to gratify my personal inclinations, I would never consent to your leaving Ireland; because, whatever may be her faults and her sorrows, whatever her disorders and her misgovernment, I feel that she is dear to us all—I wouldn't leave her for all the wealth of El Dorado. Nor would your father. Confound me if I know who would that ever passed the meridian of his life upon her emerald bosom; and—" Uncle Ben was gradually verging towards an enthusiastic love of country, when Herbert checked him by observing carelessly,—

"I don't know that I should much care what country held me, provided only I were happy. It is very little difference I think whether an Irish sky, or a Canadian sky, or any other sky hung above the place of our sojourn, provided our rational



aspirations were fulfilled. Not that I am indifferent to country—for I trust I have sufficient patriotism to induce me to make some sacrifice in that respect—it is not that; but there are particular times and circumstances when and under which it is difficult for one to reconcile himself to living in the country which gave him birth; you are ever reminded of subjects which disturb and torture you; and you cannot obtain that repose of the mind and heart which is so essential to your happiness. Again, look at the distracted and wretched state of Ireland in other respects; there is neither peace nor security within her bounds. If Ireland were as she ought to be, and—well, I am not altogether selfish,—but if Ireland were as she ought to be, that is to say, wisely and judiciously governed, and if my own reasonable views as to my particular interests might be carried out here, there is not a country in the world I should prefer to it—of course not.”

Here again he began to play with his sister's curls, and to rest upon her shoulder.



“Well, Herbert, here is the letter; read it for yourself, I must retire now. I feel a little weary. Good-night, Julia, good-night, dear,” and he saluted the foreheads of his sister and niece. In a few minutes after, all had retired, and silence reigned throughout the mansion.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTAIN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ADVENTURES  
IN FOREIGN PARTS.

“DENNY,” said the captain, on the morning following the dance at the Glazement, when he and the piper were seated at breakfast—  
“Denny, how did you rest last night? A person doesn’t always feel tight and trim when a navigatin’ in sthrange wathers; though, it wasn’t all sthrange to you either. How long is it since you hove to in this harbour before—a fortnight now or more?”

“Be the powers, nothin’ could be soundher than my sleep, captain. I roulded id off like a spinnin’ top; and in regard of how long since I was here; why, it was to-morrow three weeks, the night I was comin’ from Bawnguie, over the hills;

and a hard night of wind it was; and rainin' too. These are fine pratees, captain—where do you get your milk? At Mr. Moore's be coourse?—fine ropy milk it is. These are rattlin' eggs, Nelly. You have your own hens, be coourse?"

"Come now, Denny," broke in Nelly, "take this other egg, and ate somethin'; shure you'll stharve out an' out if you don't ate more than that. Take that now, I bid you."

"Oh, now, don't ask me, Nelly; agra—I never ate more hearty in all my born days.—Be the powers; I'm fit for all sorts of divarsion now, from coaxing a purty girl, to highway robbery."

"Let us go out in the garden, Denny," interposed the captain, "if so be you won't ate any more; did you see my summer-house yet?"

"Where is it?" asked Denny; "come, let us have a stretch in it."

The captain and Denny proceeded to the garden, and after passing to its northern extremity, the captain opened a small wicket, and passed out, followed by

his companion ; then wheeling round towards the rear of the cottage, they ascended the rock by steps cut into its face, and reaching the summit they entered a bower formed of birch, hazel, and spruce trees, and whose opening or door looked out over the glen below, and towards the sloping hills that swept back in broken folds to the eastward. The long stretch of level and marshy land that lay off between the north and east was also visible, with its scattered farm-houses, and occasional little villages crouched beside the rough thorn-crowned hedges that crossed and re-crossed the wide expanse.

They sat upon a natural bench of stone and turf inside the bower, and surveyed the scene beneath and beyond them. It was a lovely morning too ; the sun shone out in remarkable brilliancy ; the sky was blue and clear ; and the air was fragrant from shrub and wild flower. The glen looked to advantage, for the bright morning rays were shining down upon its scattered cottages and gardens, and upon its prattling stream that went dancing and winding among the

rocks, and firs, and sedges, which bordered and adorned it on either side; the disjointed hills too, or rather the collection of hilly mounds which lay scattered beyond, and appeared as outposts to the receding mountain, which rested its head in the clouds far away—these too looked gay in the radiance. It was a wild, but yet a pleasing scene; and to the captain and the piper it was fraught with memories which constituted, as far as they were concerned, its chief charm. They sat silent for a while calmly contemplating it; at length Denny observed,—

“The ould glen, after all, captain, is not the worst place in the world; what do you say?”

“No,” answered the captain, “far from it. Do you know, Denny, that whenever I sit here of a morning or an evening, something comes over me that softens my heart and makes me feel queer? It isn’t sorrow or pain that comes to me; it isn’t lonesomeness either; and it isn’t all pleasure either: but it is a feeling made up of all these. My father and mother, and my two

sisters rise up before me ; I think of my early years when I used to go over there across the stream to ould Gleeson's school, and when I had my friends, ay, and my enemies too, among the boys—just like the world, in all its stages ; my early wanderings in foreign parts, and my ups and downs in the world are before my eyes ; and then my present peace and comfort here in the ould spot where my forefathers, I may say, lived and died, mixes itself up with the other thoughts, and I feel as I said, queer. I like it, anyhow ; and to tell you the truth, I often look for it."

" Oh, be coourse," said Denny, " a man's heart warms to the spot where he was born, and where his mother nursed him : that's the way it goes, you know. There's *my* ould mother down there in the glen, where her seven generations were bred, born, and reared ; shure it stands to raison that *my* heart warms to that spot beyond any other place in the world. Why wouldn't it ? But not all the same as you who were away in foreign parts,

and didn't see Ireland or the sky over it for ever so long, I was always to the fore and, maybe, didn't think as much of ould times as if I was out of sight of it. That's the differ, captain."

We cannot help observing here, upon the almost equality of sentiment which marked these two men, who were otherwise very different; that is, they were very different, not indeed in character and disposition, for in this respect they resembled each other very much, but in that degree of knowledge and experience which causes such a chasm between man and man. The piper was possessed of much deep generous feeling, but he knew very little of the ways of men, their ambitions, their subtleties, their frauds. He also possessed a certain amount of sagacity which enabled him to perceive the peculiar weaknesses and foibles of those in his own sphere of life; but beyond this he could not go.

But the captain was to some extent an educated man; and in addition to this, his experience, both in Ireland and America, opened him a wide field in which to exer-



cise a naturally strong intellect, already enlightened by the education he had received, limited though it was.

They were both contemporaries, and lived in the same neighbourhood; they went to school together for a time; they played top, and hurled together: and they played music, and danced together: and all this formed a bond of union between them which continued unbroken to the last. They were still in the prime of life, and vigorous in constitution.

“Hows’ever,” continued Denny, after a pause, “the ould place here looks grander and purtier than ever it did widin my recollection. But money’ll do anything. It cost you a good penny, captain, to put it in repair as it is—I may say ’tis built out o’ the new; and there’s the garden and the field, and the hedges, and the trees.—Oh, begor, it must cost a power.”

“Yes, Denny, it cost something handsome; but still an all, ’tis nothing compared with the comfort of it. But, Denny, I earned the money hard that I spent in these little improvements; and still and all,

'tis well now. I have enough to last for *my* life, and to keep me in comfort; and when I die—and I hope to die in favour with the Almighty who provides for and watches over us all—I hope to be able to lave somethin' that'll be of service to others."

"I believe, shure enough," said Denny, in slow musing accents, "'tis hard workin' in America. I was thinkin' one time—oh, long after you were gone—to try my luck there; but you see the ould mother couldn't be left alone, and so I never went. I always heeard 'twas a fine place for a man:—what way does the music go there?"

"Didn't I ever tell you about that part of the world?" asked the captain. "I thought we often had long conversations about different parts of America?"

"Oh, but nothin' to signify," said Denny, "we had little sketches about it, that's all."

"Well, now, as the morning is glorious—praises be to His holy name who gives us light and life—and as neither of us have

nothing in particular to do, I'll tell you, Denny, some of my own ups and downs in America."

"Begorries!" ejaculated Denny, "nothin' could be more pleasin'. And, shure enough, 'tis a wondherful fine day, glory be to God."

The captain then commenced.

"Denny, do you know the reason they call me captain?"

"Why, not very well," was Denny's answer.

"It is this, Denny; I was once a sailor, as I may say, in a vessel; for that matter I often acted in that line; and sometimes I was made captain of the watch; and so I was called captain on that account. Blow me," he exclaimed, "but there's many a worse life than a sailor's. At least, I was not badly off when I lived on board a ship. But to come to the point: after I left my uncle's house, that morning—you know all about that?"

"Oh, in troth I do," answered Denny; "the ould man was out of his sinses when he missed you; but I pacified him when I tould him all."

“Well,” resumed the captain, “after I left, I went straight to Cork harbour ; and it took me some time, and hardship too, to reach there ; but I met with friends on the road, and I got on well enough. I stayed at a house—a sort of sheebeen or public-house—at the Cove, waiting for a vessel that I was told would be sailing to America in a few days. I used to walk about there while I was waiting ; and once I went up to Cork city in company with a young man who was staying in the same house with me, to inquire about the vessel that he was waiting for to go back in, for he belonged to some place in America ; I didn’t mind where, then. He was a decent young man, and he had friends in the city ; and so he took me about with him ; and I felt very easy in my mind, considering everything. After a couple of days the vessel was ready, and we went back to the Cove, and went on board. That young man behaved like a brother to me ; I wasn’t able to pay for a place in the cabin, but he made up for me the difference of price between the cabin and the steerage ; and so I was with

himself in the cabin. There were only two other passengers besides ourselves there; for she wasn't a regular passenger vessel. So we set sail with a fair wind out of the harbour—and a noble harbour it is; fine bold land around it on every side, covered with great trees in different parts, and the river Lee flowing into it like a great belt of silver. After a few days I began to recover from the grief that was sitting at my heart while I could see the shores of poor old Ireland, beckoning to me, like, to come back and never mind roving. She was a good, tight little ship; her name was the *Boreas*; and when the sea rose, and the waves came sweeping down like wild frothing horses, she bent down, and then rose up like a swallow."

"Stop, now, captain, if you please," said Denny, who while the narrative was proceeding, had his mouth open, and his eyes intently fixed on the narrator, evidently wondering at the extraordinary circumstances that were being unfolded. "Stop, captain, if you please; I was often thinkin' what do they do in the night when they're

goin' to America ; as I am tould, they don't see nothin' but wather and shky when they're on the road ;—how do they contrive in the night when they can't see anything, I may say the length of my arm from them ? That's what I often wondhered at. Do they draw in towards the bank ; and tie the ship to the trees, and then go sleep in a house ? ”

“ Too-ot, too-ot,” was the reply ; “ bank indeed ! why, man alive, there's no more bank there than on the palm of your hand. Don't you know, that the Atlantic Ocean is over two thousand miles wide in the narrowest part of it ; and as for the length, there's no bounds to it, I may say, except the poles of the world ? ”

Denny appeared much bewildered, but said nothing, contenting himself to give expression to his feelings by pursing out his lips, and breathing a sort of prolonged whistle, at the end of which he exclaimed, “ Thundher an' turf, that bates all ; and I tell you what it is, Jack Gorman, I'd no more go travellin' in sich a place than I'd go leapin' from the top of Corrigduv ; and



that's what you might call a high leap."

The captain continued :—

"Well, we went along safe enough, any way ; and myself, and my friend, and the other two passengers kept good company together, for they were civil men, and had good knowledge of the world. And the captain and mate of the ship, too, were conversable men, and desirous to do everything to make our time pass by pleasantly. The ship was bound to Canada ; so they told me when we were out about a week ;— I never minded where we were going at first, because all parts of America were the same to me ; and all I cared was to get rid of my grief and trouble after the death of those that were dear to me ; and to earn money somehow or other in honesty ; and come back again to Ireland and the old place if God was pleased to prosper me."

"Stay, Jack Gorman," broke in Denny ; "were you sick on the journey ? I always heeard tell that the sea-sickness is wondherful in ships, and that few escapes it."



“The first day or two,” resumed the captain, “I was sick enough, believe me ; but the mate gave me a mug of salt water, and after drinking it I began to get well again. Well, we were more than half-way on our voyage, and about a fortnight on the water when one night I heard great noise and trampling on the deck, and the roaring of wind, and the slapping of ropes, or something or another that gave me a proper start. I jumped out of bed, put on my trousers and coat, and put my head up above the cabin door : and such a sight I never saw before ; I saw worse though often enough afterwards. There was the ocean like a million of mad bulls with white horns and manes, rearing, plunging, roaring ; as if they wanted nothing but to drive their horns through the ship, and scatter her like a cock of hay.”

“Oh, murther ! murther !” ejaculated Denny, as he drew up his legs close together under his chin, his arms clasped around them, and his eyes fixed on the captain devouring every word that fell from him. “Jack Gorman ! Jack Gorman,

agra ! did you lose your life ? Och-aroo-oo, what did you say to 'em ? Did you shut your eyes, and run undher the table ? Phoo-o-o, Jack, Jack, don't show 'em to me any more."

The captain went on without heeding the remarks of his companion : " I was not standing above half a minute on the steps of the companion when a tremendous sea swept over the deck, and struck me back into the cabin, leaving me senseless on the floor below. After a little time I recovered, but I was up to my knees in water when I stood on my feet. By this time my fellow-passengers were on their legs ; and there was great confusion and uproar everywhere. We all strove to go up the stairs again to look out, but the door was fastened above, and we were obliged to go back again : we couldn't stand or sit in the cabin on account of the water ; so we had nothing to do but to get into our bunks again, and lie down. It was a dreadful time ; the roaring and screeching of the waves and wind were dreadful to hear ; there

was thunder and lightning too, for the lightning used to blaze into our berths and almost blind us. How long we were that way I couldn't tell then, but I found out afterwards 'twas two days and a night.

“At last the noise of the storm was gone ; there was a soft easy moaning, like a banshee, and a churning like the churning of milk when the butter is gathering. After this there was the noise of shuffling feet on the deck ; and a shouting far away like the same as a woman shouting to men to come in to dinner.”

“Glory be to God !” exclaimed Denny, who during the captain's recital of the shipwreck was crouched upon his face, his elbows and knees on the turf, his eyes closed, and his clenched hand occasionally striking his breast ; “Glory be to God !” he exclaimed, “may be a house was hard by, and the *banathee* (the housekeeper) was callin' ye in to dry and warm yourselves ; and give ye, may be a dhrop out of the bottle, afore ye'd sit down to your dinners. Anyway, 'twas a blessin' to see the women

churnin' the butther ; and 'tis like, that the bread was tuck off the griddle, hot and warm fit for a Cappara (a slice of bread and butter) : and Jack, agra, did you run for the bare life when you heeard the woman callin' ? Oh, mulla go dho, lath, a heerna ! (praise be to the Lord for ever.)"

The captain continued after this interruption, "The hatch was immediately taken from the companion, and a voice was heard shouting to us to come up. We jumped up, ascended the companion stairs, and stood on the deck. And such a sight as met our eyes ! there was no more mast, nor sail, nor rope standing on the vessel than there is on the palm of my hand, in a manner. And side by side with us was a large French barque that was after coming to our relief."

"Hurroo, hurroo," shouted Denny, jumping from his crouching posture on the turf, and brandishing one of his arms above his head ; "hurroo, the Frinch for ever ; they were niver backward on a pinch ; and whisper, Jack," he said, stooping down and nearly breathing into the captain's mouth,

“did they tell you, they were comin’ to save Ireland, eh?”

“Just listen,” said the captain; “there were only three men standing on the deck of our vessel besides ourselves—that is besides the three other passengers and myself—and those were the mate and two of the sailors; the rest were swept overboard in the tempest. The French captain and three or four of his men, however, stept on our deck; and after talking a little while with the mate, for the captain spoke English fair enough, we all went on board the French ship. She was called the *Corveau*, I think; and a fine staunch ship she was, though she looked a little battered. She was twice the size of our own vessel, and had three masts; but her top-masts and yards were off, so that she didn’t look as tall as she would if they were on. She was a banker, so they told me, going home from the fishery on the banks, near Newfoundland. So, you must think, Denny, my boy, that we were in a droll quandary, turning about on a voyage to France, instead of going to Canada.”

“Well,” muttered Denny, lost in apparent perplexity, “ye might turn in to Ireland on your way, and lind a hand to the boys, if they were took to the mountains ; but, may be, you’d rather not come back again, that time ; well, couldn’t you be let go on the bank ; and thin you could make your journey along the side of the country to Canada, supposin’ ’twasn’t far away from the place you were lost.”

“Too-o-ot, too-o-ot,” was the rejoinder, “the banks are deep down in the water, they’re not what you think at all, Denny ; they are fishing-banks or ledges where the fishery is carried on, and they are hundreds of miles from Canada, and no country at all between the two places. But fortune favoured us still further ; in the course of the day we fell in with a vessel that was bound to Newfoundland ; and we went on board of her. She was a fish-vessel ; and was returning from a place called Labrador, with a cargo of fish, and a number of fishermen who belonged to Newfoundland and were now going home after spending the summer fishing in that place.



We were well treated, as well as could be expected, as there wasn't much room to spare in her, and there was a great crowd on board of her. The captain of her told us that we'd have an opportunity of going to Canada from Newfoundland; and so we were very well satisfied; and sure we ought after the danger we went through, and the sad prospect of being brought to France, back over the ocean again, without knowing what to do when we arrived there. The other men, my fellow-passengers, knew Newfoundland very well, and told me that they were there before, and that we wouldn't be long going to Canada from there. So we got on well enough, we had plenty to eat and drink, fish and biscuit, and dough-boys, and pork, and tea."

"Ah! there's for you, *tay*," interrupted Denny; "and were the men drinkin' *tay*? and what sort of atin' is dough-boys? I often heeard tell that they ates childer (God 'etween us an' all harm) in foreign parts far away: but, Jack, how could a Christian stomach the likes? Look now



(rising with a solemn gravity), I'd rather ate my bag, ay, and my chanther to the end of it, than touch one of them little childher wid my teeth. Be this stick in my hand I would (he held no stick in his hand), and more than that, I'd go to bed fastin' for a month afore I'd *look* at one of 'em biled."

"Too-o-ot, too-o-ot," resumed the captain, "they're not children at all, man alive; they are balls made out of flour and boiled with pork. However, at the end of fourteen days we arrived at Newfoundland, at a place called Conception Bay. The vessel and her crew and passengers belonged to a town called Carbonear in that bay. The master of the vessel, one Duggan, brought myself and Gillespy—Charley Gillespy, that's the young man that stayed at the same lodging with me at the Cove—he brought us to his own house: the other two men went to a boarding-house. After stopping for a day there we said we'd go to a boarding-house, but he wouldn't hear of it. 'No,' says he, 'stay here as long as

ye are in the town, and until ye get a chance for Quebec, stay here and welcome.’”

“That was civil of ’m,” observed Denny. “I wondher might he be anything to the Duggans of Shkelpstown; they’re clever decent people as you’d meet in a day’s walk; I stays wid ’m whenever I’m on my rounds in them parts, and be the same token, Paddy Duggan’s sisther’s son’s daughter that was married to Jim Leary’s uncle’s daughter’s brother-in-law is my own third and fourth cousin; and a fine comely girl she was till she died of the fever, God bless the hearers. But there’s the Duggans of Boolagh; they’re nothin’ to me though, but they’re related to the Brennans of Shronebeg, and the Brennans and Reddigans are related be the mother’s side. That’s the way it is.”

“No,” replied the captain, “he wasn’t one of that family at all, he was a Tipperary man; a noble specimen of his countrymen; he was, brave, generous, and hospitable. He was well to do then, he had a fine house, and his wife was as noble as himself.

He had three sons and three daughters, that was his family, and I never saw finer young men and women, for, I may say they were all men and women, the youngest, who was a girl, being at least sixteen years of age.

“Well, I stopped there for nearly a month, myself and Gillespy; and no chance offered all that time of a vessel going to any part of Canada; at last the two other men who stayed at the boarding-house and used to meet us or we them, every day, told us one morning that they wouldn’t wait any longer, and that they had prepared to proceed to Halifax in Nova Scotia, to which place they were informed a vessel was soon going from St. John’s the capital city of Newfoundland. They said that they had settled to go in the Carbonear packet-boat the next day; and that if we liked—that is, myself and Gillespy—we might go with them.

“Gillespy consented at once; but I hesitated, because Mr. Duggan, our hospitable entertainer, told me that if I liked to stay in Newfoundland, he would give me em-

ployment and good wages ; he often said this to me while we were staying at his house ; and as I had no friend or relation to meet in Canada, and as I left home only for employment and reward in America, I thought that it was no matter to me in what part of that country I might be settled provided I got what I wanted. So I agreed to remain with Mr. Duggan.

“My fellow-passengers left Carbonear the next morning, on their way to St. John’s ; and I didn’t see them again for many years, but I did meet ’em afterwards, as I’ll let you know before I have finished my story.

“‘Now,’ says Mr. Duggan to me the evening after my companions went away, ‘you understand keeping accounts, so you told me, very well ; I want a young man of your sort to take charge of that store of mine on the wharf below, that I showed you the other day ; the man I have there now doesn’t know much about figures, or writing either ; now, I’ll ship you for two summers and a winter as storekeeper and general man ; and I’ll give you fifty pounds and

your diet for that term; and if we like each other afterwards, I'll rise your wages. That's my offer. I like you, young man,' says he, 'and I have no doubt, that you and I will agree well together. Come,' says he, slapping me on the shoulder, 'what do you think of that?' "

"How much did he say?" asked Denny, interrupting the narrative.

"Fifty pounds and my diet for two summers and a winter," repeated the captain.

"How much might that be in the year?" asked Denny.

"Why," answered the captain, "it would be nearly thirty-seven pounds, besides my support."

"Tare an' ages," exclaimed Denny, "your fortune was made; thundher and turf, what did you say to 'm? maybe though he wasn't in earnest. An' he wasn't one of the Duggans of Shkelpstown? *Thirty-seven pounds* for one year, besides eatin' and drinkin'. I often heeard tell of Newfoundland; but that's more than ever I heeard yet. Whisper, Jack, isn't id a catchin' cod-fish they do be there?"

*Thirty-seven pounds* for one year, let alone the atin' and drinkin' ! Ned Tracy was in Newfoundland, Ned in the bog below ; they call 'm the *Coddy* ; and he tould me that the devil himself, God guard us all, couldn't stand the weather there. 'Dinny,' says he to me one day, 'when you'd be walkin' on the road in that counthry you'd have to mind yourself for fear any one was walkin' before you ; for, do you mind, the frost would set the nails flyin' out of his shoes, and you'd be struck in the eyes like a shot out of a gun, and you'd never see a wink agin.' How did you bring your eyesight out of it at all, Jack ?"

"Too-o-ot, too-o-ot" replied the captain, "that's all balderdash, Denny. There's great frost and snow there, to be sure ; but not as bad as all that. I'll tell you what I saw there, though ; and what I did myself. I saw the snow in a street there as high as the houses ; and I walked up that street ; and I used to step on the roofs of the houses, here and there, on either side of me, while I was going



along. And more than that, I walked over one of the houses when I was leaving that street to go into another street. That's what I saw, and did, Denny; but itself, the weather in that country is not so bad as Ned the Cuddy said. Ned was like many others that went to America, they were too idle and too lazy to work; and they came back to Ireland again, excusing themselves for having nothing after their time by blaming and abusing the country they left. That's the way, Denny; I knew a good many of that sort, and 'tis often I was ashamed of 'em; for they were good for neither king nor country. They were good enough for drinking rum and whisky, and for making fools of themselves; but they had neither industry, nor sinse, nor gumption, nor anything that 'd be a credit to them or to the country they hailed from. That's the way 'twas with them, Denny.

“But, to go on with my story. I served out my time with Mr. Duggan according to my shipping paper, that is, my agreement; and a good and pleasant



time enough it was, when I once got used to it. I stood the store the first winter, that is, from the time I shipped until the next spring; that was the busy time for store business. Then came the seal-hunting time, about the 1st of March; and sure enough there was great work and bustle going on then, preparing for the ice. Mr. Duggan got his vessel and crew ready among the rest; and he gave me my choice to go with him in the vessel, or to stay at home and mind the store. But I made choice of going; since I longed to know what way the seals were hunted on the ice, and by what contrivance the vessels were brought through it. So one of the skipper's daughters—skipper is the name of a man who commands a vessel, or who has the management of any business; the same as we call master—one of his daughters took charge of the store—there wasn't much doing there then—and away I went to the ice. She was a snug tidy craft, and called the *Mary*, after Mrs. Duggan; and she carried thirty-four men, myself being one of the number. We were

going for a day and a night, in sight of land all the time; with the ocean covered with ice on one side of us, and the hilly uneven land covered with snow on the other; till at last, all of a sudden, the second day after we left the harbour, I saw nothing but ice all around, and no sign of land. There were little lochs of blue water shining here and there through the miles of ice; and along the edges of those lochs and for yards and yards behind them were scattered hundreds upon hundreds of little creatures that I thought were white lambs, but those were the seals. All now was preparation and bustle; every man took his hauling rope and gaff; and out they went over the bows and sides of the vessel, and myself among 'em. We scattered, two and two over the ice, which by this time was breaking and splitting into big and little squares and pieces of every shape, like blankets floating on a pond. Away we went, leaping from *pan* to *pan*—that's the name they call the floating ice—away we went, till we reached the seals. When I came to the first little creature, and saw it

with its innocent face turned up to me, and the tears rolling down from its big black soft eyes, my heart relented; I couldn't strike it. When my comrade, who was after using his bat on at least a score of 'em all around, came up to where I was, he lifted his bat to strike the creature that was looking at me. I couldn't stand it; I jumped up from where I was kneeling, and looking at the creature, I turned the blow aside. 'No,' I said to the man, 'you mustn't strike that seal; I'd redden this ice with my own heart's blood before I'd allow any man to shed one drop of hers.' The man drew back, and looked at me with scorn; and then lifting his arm again, he was about to strike the seal; but before his blow came down I had sprung at his neck, and flung him sprawling into the sea. I took her into my arms, and I rested her head on my breast: 'No one must touch you my innocent lamb; your mother, it may be, is dead; and may be, you had sisters, and they are dead; but Jack Gorman knows how to feel for the stricken heart;—Go, and live;' and I dropped

her quietly into the ocean ; she dived under the ice, and I saw her no more."

"And the man, Jack Gorman—was he drowned?" asked Denny, in a tremulous tone.

"No; he was not drowned; I watched him, in order to prevent his being drowned, if such a danger should appear; but I saw him rise upon a pan at the opposite side of the loch, and walk away from the place. And do you know what, Denny Mullins? From that day out there was no mortal power could make me kill one of them seals. I walked away from the spot with a heavy heart; and I turned my back on the places where the men were killing them, but I made a solemn vow to the throbbings of my own heart that I would never lay a murdering hand on any living creature that looked into my face with the tears in its eyes.

"After this, I rambled about the ice for an hour or more, sometimes resting myself under an arch, or on the steps of a tower; and sometimes climbing up to one of the galleries of a castle, or to the roof of a

church, until at last I began to feel hungry; and I began to turn my steps towards the ship. But when I looked around me, I could see no ship. But I did see what made me tremble, I tell you; I saw the ice swelling and rising, and heaving as if there was a million of bullocks under it and trying to get up. The ice pans, too, were breaking and bursting, and tumbling one over another in rows and heaps like big long swarths of hay raked up together; and there was a noise running through the whole of it as if the bullocks were roaring, and smothering, and knocking their horns against each other. I was frightened, you may be sure. I was tossed up and down like a child in a swing; and the sight left my eyes. I blessed myself; and called upon God not to forsake me. I began to think that my sins were now coming against me; and that the vengeance of heaven was going to fall on me. My eyes began to open; and I could see before me as plain as if 'twas wrote in big letters of red ink, the whole history of my life. But in the middle of that history, as it were, I

saw my mother and my sisters standing up like towers in height, and dressed all in white, with a blaze of light all-dazzling around them. I threw myself down on my knees ; I raised up my hands and arms to heaven, and I called for mercy ; I then felt a reel in my head, and I fell, my face upon the ice. I knew—I heard no more till I was grasped by the arm, and raised on my legs. Two men stood near me ; and telling me to ‘come along,’ they walked on for a minute or two, one of them holding me by the arm ; and then letting me go, they told me to ‘cheer up,’ and to follow them. Well, I recovered myself at once ; and will you believe me ? I never in the course of my life felt so much courage in my heart as I did at that moment. I jumped after them from pan to pan, over the lochs of the ocean—and some of them were more than three yards wide, with, may be, a little round lump of ice floating in the middle—sometimes one or other of us fell into the water, not being able to make our leap good ; but we were helped out by the others, who used to reach out



the end of a bat, or long pole, by means of which we were lifted up on the other side. I fell in, and was dragged out that way myself three or four times. On, on, on we went, and struggled, and toiled; the heaving, and rolling, and thundering of the wide fields of white ice going on all the time; but worse than that, the sky began to grow dark and sulky, and the wind began to puff and shout through the arches and towers of the ice-castles. But we still rushed and reeled on, never pausing to notice anything; except now and then the two men would shout out a word to each other about the direction they were taking.

“In this way we continued for hours—I can’t tell now how long—but it appeared as long as a whole day to me: at last, we heard a crack, as if something had burst. ‘That’s a gun,’ says the foremost man. ‘All right,’ says the other; ‘heave ahead:’ and we still kept on. In about half an hour after we had heard the shot—for it was a shot fired from a vessel, for a



signal—we saw a vessel, heavy and black looking, and half rolling on her side, with two bare masts; like a rick of turf bulged in the side, and two poles stuck in the middle of it. Up we came to her; and after going 'round and round her, looking for a pan to jump on, for the sea was all around her, we caught a rope at last, which was thrown to us by one of the crew, and we were hauled on deck—more dead than alive, I tell you. But this wasn't the vessel I belonged to. The fact of the matter is, I never saw my own vessel again during the spring. I continued in this one, which was called the *Mary Jane*, and belonged to St. John's, until the month of May, when she returned to port with four thousand seals on board. After stopping about a week in St. John's, where I was treated with great civility and hospitality by the owner of the vessel, one 'Norwood,' I set out for Carbonear. I went on foot to a place called Portugal Cove, on the sea-shore; and from that I crossed over the bay in the packet-boat to Car-

bonear. It took me a day and a night to make the journey, though the distance is not thirty miles. I found Mr. Duggan at home before me, with three thousand seals in his vessel. He and the whole family were delighted to see me. They were afraid I was lost; but still they had hoped that I would be picked up by some other vessel. So there, Denny, was my first adventure in America."

During the recital of the captain's narrative, Denny appeared bewildered, and lost in amazement. He had drawn closer to his companion; and with his elbows resting on his knees, and his chin and cheeks buried in his broad palms, he stared fixedly into the narrator's face; while his mouth and eyes were drawn back, and open to their widest capacity.

When the captain ceased, Denny changed his position; and turning his back on his companion he commenced to speak, without any apparent desire of being answered, or in any way interrupted in the course of his spoken meditations.

“ I am bothered out and out,” he began; “ and what harm if it was any one but Jack Gorman that made me this way? Oh, Jack Gorman, Jack Gorman, ’tis little I thought, when you and I went to school together, down to Pat Gleeson’s at the Cross, and were larnin’ our prayers and our catechism, that it would come to this at last; you on the black dismal sea, a sayin’ of your prayers afore goin’ to be drowned; and I far away at home, never knowin’ where you were, nor never thinkin’ of nothin’. And the mother that bore you was sleepin’ in her grave; and lyin’ by her side in darkness and peace were the sisthers that loved you. The Lord look down on us all this blessed day. And the little creature was cryin’ in the middle of the sea. The seal; I wonder what ~~is~~ is the seal! And where was her own people on that dismal day? May be they were dead and gone to th’ other world; and shure enough ’tis hard to tell. I wondher was her mother alive! There is myself; if I was goin’ to be drowned, or, may be, to be killed; and my mother not knowin’ about it, but,

may be, dreamin' I was comin' home to her.—Ochone! ochone! And who is the man was goin' to murther the creature, and the tears in her eyes? Be th' eternal, if I was to the fore I'd smash the two eyes into smithereens in his head, the shoneen of blazes. Ha! ha! what did I do when that terrible miscreant, old Croker's son, was ill-treating that poor honest colleen, Teddy Bohn's daughther—what did I do thin? I came behind him, and I struck 'm a wipe of my fist that sint him spinnin' headlong into the ditch; and I tould the colleen to run for her life. Then when he got up he followed myself, but Paddy Larkin was comin' across from Moore's, and when he see him, and what he was doin', he runs at him, and gives him a paulthogue (a blow from the fist) that sets him rowlin' on the broad of his back. Ha! ha!—only for Paddy Larkin came up, I'd never ate a bit of the world's bread that day.

“ Well, where's this I was? Och, yes: I was a spakin' of that cratur' that was cryin' on the sea; and where is she now, I won-

dher? may be, gone to glory. 'Twas a quare place for her to be, and no one belongin' to her to the fore to take her part: only for Jack Gorman, she'd be murdered out and out by that spalpeen of the devil—God pardon me for mentionin' the name of the baste."

Here he muttered a prayer, and struck his breast; after which he resumed:—

"And there was bullocks undher the sea, and tryin' to come up;—by what he tould me, 'twas like a shaky bog, risin' and sinkin':—and what 'ud bring bullocks there? They couldn't be natural bullocks—sea-bullocks, that's what they were. Och, millia murther! I'd lose my life if I was there. And what could the poor Christians do only for the mercy of God that keeps 'em safe and sound, when every one is tryin' to ruinate 'em? But God is stronger than the devil any how, and His power and glory can't be put down."

He paused awhile; and then turning to his companion, he said, with the most solemn emphasis and deliberation,—

"Jack Gorman, believe me, what I am

goin' to say,—Only for the mercy of the blessed Redeemer of the world, and the inthersession of His blessed mother you wouldn't be alive to-day."

## CHAPTER VII.

A DINNER-PARTY AT BROOKFIELD HALL—  
VARIOUS OPINIONS ON CURRENT EVENTS.

WHEN Denny Mullins, the piper, had concluded his meditations on the captain's narrative of the sealing voyage, the latter rose from his seat, and telling Denny that he had to be down at Brookfield Hall, the residence of Mr. George Moore, at ten o'clock, in order to see after some accounts, and to lend a hand in making preparations for a dinner-party that was to take place there in the evening, he descended from the summer-house followed by his companion. When they had reached the door of the cottage, the captain took a key from beneath a flag that lay close by, and unlocked the door. There was no one in-



side, for Nelly Corcoran had gone down to the hall after breakfast to assist at the harvest work. After the captain had stayed about twenty minutes inside, he issued out again arrayed in the garb in which he was first presented to the reader, with the exception that his trousers were a light fustian web, and his feet were covered with a pair of strong pumps, without hole or break. Having locked the door, and returned the key to its hiding-place, he passed out of the garden, accompanied by the piper. Instead of taking the ridge of the hill as he had done on the preceding evening when he was returning to the cottage, he descended in a zigzag line towards the bottom of the glen, following the broken line of a thick furze-crowned hedge which swept down through swell and hollow, mid briar and fern, and fragments of rock, to the narrow road which wound down the glen in the direction of Ballydine. Having reached this road they slackened their pace, and walked quietly along side by side, beguiling the way in cheerful conversation.

“ ’Twill be a great night, ’tis like, at the hall, when the gentlemen and the ladies will be all there; and nothin’ to throuble ’em but fine eatin’ and drinkin’,” observed the piper, alluding to the approaching dinner-party that was to be given at Mr. George Moore’s, the owner of Brookfield Hall.

“ Are you going there?” asked the captain.

“ Oh, yes,” was the reply, “ Masther Harry tould me to be there at seven o’clock for my life, and to have my pipes in full *blaze*, as he said. He is a droll young gentleman, too; but, by my troth there is a good drop in him; he has a heart and a hand for the poor and the distressed, anyway; but shure ’tis kind father for him. And for the matther of that where would you find, in all Ireland’s ground, a betther or an ancienther family than the Moores of Brookfield? ’Tisn’t all as one as that flintgut mother of his; but what could you expect from the Credans of Moolach? they were never good, *lock*, *stock*, or *barrel*.”

“Yes, Denny,” said the captain, “where the seed is not sound, much can’t be expected from the crop. The Moores are an old, sound stock. From father to son, through generations, running from the fountain-head of the Milesian blood, they came down to the present time, without spot or stain on ’em—true to their country, true to their religion, and—what need to say it—true to their God. Denny” (placing his forefinger on the piper’s shoulder), “*that man is always true to his God, when he is found at the side of his religion and his country.* The Moores always wore well; they had neither break nor flaw in ’em. As for the Credans—well, the less said the better! at any rate, Harry Moore or his sister, Miss Fanny, haven’t a drop of Credan blood in their veins; they are the real blossom from the sound old seed.”

“Ah then,” interrupted Denny, “what is your notion, captain, about the Granvilles and themselves?—I mane, by coourse, about Masther Herbert and Miss Fanny; they say he have no chance with Mrs. Moore, the ould flintgut; and that she must

have her own way. I don't know myself how it's goin' to be, exceptin' this—that the Granvilles is a match any day for the Moores; yis, for all that they aren't come of the ould Mileesy stock itself—but it's all alike; as you said this minute, the Granvilles were always loyal to their God; and true to religion and counthry. Where'll you find a young gentleman equal to Masther Herbert in figure and fashion, and larnment, ay, and in noble blood? That's the chat, captain. Isn't he fit to be the husband of the King of England's daughter? But I don't know myself how it's going to be.”

“The Granvilles, Denny, are an old family in Ireland,” replied the captain, “they came over with Strongbow; but they always behaved like gentlemen. As for Milesian blood, that's good, but we must be reasonable—there's blood as good as ever it was—and why not? The Granvilles have a mixed stream in 'em, and 'tis all noble. They are Normans by descent; and show me better blood than that. They have a dash of the Danish

drop in 'em, too; and that's not to be despised. And these two are strengthened and sweetened with the Milesian blood, dropping in, dropping in, these last seven hundred years. Nothing can beat that, Denny, my brick" (slapping the piper on the shoulder).

By this time they had arrived at an angle of the road, whence a narrow passage, evidently the bed of a winter stream, wound up the side of the hill on the left of the road, that is the hill opposite to that on which stood the captain's cottage, or Glazement. The piper turned up this defile; while the captain proceeded on his way towards the village.

Having arrived at the extremity of the narrow road, where it joined the highway leading down to the village, the captain crossed over the fields in the rear of Brookfield Hall, and shortly issued out at the gate leading to the farmyard, where he found Mr. Moore occupied in the inspection of some sheep which he had recently purchased. His large ruddy face was wet with perspiration, and his broad chest,

which was only partially covered, was heaving with agitation, as he fanned himself with a handkerchief which he held in one hand, while he held a broad-brimmed white hat in the other.

“Hang those sheep,” he was going on to say, addressing himself to three or four of his serving-men who were trying to turn the sheep into a paddock, “hang those sheep, they have already done more mischief than they are worth; that infernal blockhead, Whitmore, has, I fear imposed upon me; he is cunning enough at a bargain, the fellow, with all his silly ways. Holloa, captain, is this you? Come along with me, I want you to see to the amount of these sheep, and to other little matters I haven’t had time to attend to.” The captain followed him into the coach-house. “Here,” he said, pointing to the wall, “are the numbers and the prices of the several classes of those sheep; make a note of them, and when you have done it, go into the kitchen and tell the old steward to give you the whole number of days those reapers and binders have been employed,



and the wages per day at which they have been engaged; he has it all on a tally. I depend upon your accuracy in these matters. And, look ye here, captain; after you have done this, go down to the village and order up a few gallons of whiskey from that curmudgeon, Peter Mackey; I want to give the workmen some drink this evening. By-the-bye, captain, you know there are to be a few gentlemen dining with me to-day; don't forget being here then; and mind, have your best pumps on."

"All right, squire," was the reply, "I'll run my craft alongside at the appointed hour; and have everything snug and tight."

The squire walked away, shaking his stout heavy sides with laughter, as he bustled across the farm-yard. The captain took the glazed beehive from his head, and casting his eye around at the several squares and pillars of chalked arithmetic which decorated it, he at length spat upon one of the squares, and rubbed out the figures; then he took from his trouser's



pocket a small cane of chalk, and copied upon the vacant square the figures on the wall. This done he placed the hat upon his head, crossed over the yard, and entered the kitchen.

“Steward ahoy!” was his exclamation as he entered. That ancient functionary waddled along from the scullery when he heard the summons, and bowing with mock reverence to his visitor, asked what might be his honour’s will and pleasure. After an interchange of whimsical and satirical compliments between the two gentlemen, the captain demolished one of the arithmetical pillars of the glazed hat, and substituted therefor another pillar representing the numbers of the steward’s notched tallies. The captain then bowed graciously to the steward, waving his beehive in the action; to which parting salutation the steward ducked, like a jack-in-the-box; for, to bend his back was impossible, seeing that his frontal as well as postern protuberance barred the operation. The captain, having thus far discharged the offices imposed upon him by

the squire, retraced his steps out into the yard, and thence into the corn-fields, on his way to the village. As he was going along by the hedges, whistling a slow, soothing air, he encountered Paddy Larkin, the man with whom we saw him in conversation in the corn-field on the day before. Paddy was whistling too; but it was the brisker air of "The Goose in the Bog." The moment they perceived each other the double melody ceased, and a mutual frown passed over the visage of each. The shadow, however, was only momentary, for they saluted each other with words of cheerful banter; Paddy wheeling round on his heel, and walking back with the captain. When they came to a curve in the line of the hedge by the side of which they were advancing, they both sat down in the shade of a large oak-tree, whose extended arms concealed them from the view of the reapers in the field.

"Captain," said Paddy, casting a keen glance into the face of his companion, "did you say anything to the masther yestherday about what we were saying?"

You know, whatever I might say to you, I wouldn't like the masther to be made the wiser of it. He and the likes of 'm are against any changes in the counthry; and so well they may, since they have the crame of it all to theirselves; and divil a care they have for the poor people that's wearin' their lives out to keep 'm in grandeur. If I thought you tould 'm what we were saying, I wouldn't like it; and other people wouldn't like it either, that's what I say. The masther is a good man in his way, to be shure, and divil a man I know of would lay a finger on him or his, for the matther o' that; but *you* know, and *others* know that he would do his best to stop anything that would be goin' on for our freedom; becase why? Shure 'tis plain to be seen; he wants for nothin'; and besides, he is afraid that when the ruction would be up, may be stragglers might come down on him, and whip away anything from him. Believe me, captain, there's wiser and longer heads than mine or *yours* either, if you knew it, directin' this business."

“Now, Paddy Larkin,” replied the captain, “you are out of trim, from stem to stern; your ballast is light; and what you have of it, besides, is not rightly stowed away. Listen to me now; lower your top sails, haul in your flying jib, and heave to a bit. Now, first and foremost, I said nothing to the master about *you* or any *one else of those* you mean. Mind *that*, my flying Dutchman. Mind, again, what I’m going to say to you; keep clear of those that are advising you against sinse and reason, and against the laws of God and man. They have longer and wiser heads is it? I tell you what; their heads and your head will not keep company with your shoulders very long if ye go on much farther with your foolishness, ay, and your *wickedness* too; since, what else is it but *wickedness*, to be blowing under poor ignorant, but innocent men, to commit robbery and murder, and then to be hanged and gibbeted like dogs. What is it that ever and always came of this work? Did any one ever hear tell of such societies and factions doing any good to king or

country, to God or man? Blow me if I did; and I'd like to see the man that could say *he* did. Paddy Larkin, you're a good and decent man, by family and nature, I know that, and I respect you, and I respected your father before you; but I know this much, that you are led astray, and that you are in the dark concerning what you are about. Take my advice—the advice that I always gave you—furl your sails, and come to anchor, and when you want to go on a cruise keep in safe water. That's Jack Gorman's advice to you and to all men."

As he concluded he rose and walked away. His companion rose too, evidently much confounded, and uncertain as to whether or not he should offer any further remarks in vindication of himself and his principles. After a brief pause, however, he addressed a few words to his retiring companion.

"Jack Gorman," he said, "I clear you of being an informer agin me or others, but you're not the man to tell me what to do. I am advised by some of the *brightest* men

in Ireland. And *they* know what's best."

He then walked away, and joined the reapers.

The captain resumed his quiet whistle, and proceeded on his way across the fields, until he reached the mountain road, down which he passed without any interruption until he arrived at the Cross, and entered the shop of Peter Mackey.

Peter was standing behind his little counter, arranging various bottles, jars, and small parcels upon shelves, and *titavating*, as he expressed it, his little concerns. Peter was a man of no small importance in the village, at least, so he thought himself, and so did others. Like other great men, he had risen from small beginnings by industry and perseverance, but more than all, as his neighbours believed and said, by *cuthery*, that is, cunning. He had thus risen to comparative independence and comfort.

He was a coarse, vulgar-looking man, with a large red nose, an awkward gait, and watchful grey eyes. It was said by



all who knew him well that he was not overburdened with patriotism, though few were louder in their admiration of O'Connel and Repeal. He was a favourite with the gentry all round, whether O'Connelites or anti-O'Connelites, Repealers or anti-Repealers, and agreed with them all; taking care, however, to lean always towards the views of those whose influence and wealth and power were in the ascendant, especially when any one of them happened to be present, or, which was the same thing, when any of their servants happened to be purchasing anything in the shop, or taking a quiet drop in the little back parlour. In short, Peter Mackey was a diplomatist; no better or worse than those of his species, who went before him in all grades and classes, or who were to come after him in due order of succession. His back was turned towards the captain when the latter entered the shop.

“Ship ahoy, there!” exclaimed the captain.

Peter hustled round, presenting his nose to the voice, and grinning with anticipated delight.



“Jingo, captain; jingo there,” was the response.

“How does your hull bear up against time and weather, my copper-fastened clipper,” inquired the captain.

“Come, captain, none of your outlandish lingo this morning; I’m not, to say, fit for hard sparring this morning; my dandher is not rightly settled down since last night. I tell you what, captain” (here he pressed his big lips together, and gave an ominous shake of the head), “the times is enough to make honest people look sharp—*jingo*, there.”

“Peter,” replied the captain, closing one of his eyes, and piercing his neighbour with the other, “there is no man I know of who can see breakers ahead clearer, even with one eye, than your four bones. You are a jewel, Peter; but never mind. Send up four gallons of whiskey (don’t trouble putting water in it, reserve that civility for your other friends) to the Hall this evening early—there’s the order,” taking off the glazed beehive and presenting one of the chalked parallelograms to the gaze of the publican.

“All square, captain,” said Peter, “I have as good spirits as ever dribbled from a worm; and the man who says that I ever touch it with a drop of water doesn’t know the proprietor of the sign of the ‘Golden Sheaf,’ that’s all I say. Come along, follow me, my ould sea-dog. I want to give you a trial of this new dribble,” and he passed into a small room at the end of the counter, followed by the captain.

“See here,” he observed, as soon as they were in the room, “that damned rascal, Paddy Larkin, and about half a dozen of his comrades were here last night, and a nice row they got up with some respectable men that came in, and were taking a little refreshment. I must give Mr. Moore a touch of my mind about that fellow—but you needn’t say anything. *Jingo* is the word. Now, look at that spirit” (holding up a bottle to the captain’s view), “and tell me, isn’t it the *dandy*? Taste it now; there, that much, just to be able to say that it’s the rale sort.”

The captain, having tasted the whiskey—

barely tasted it, for he never drank spirits, except when in his own cottage he enjoyed a tumbler of punch with a friend—he pronounced it good; he then wished the publican good-bye, and walked out of the shop.

No sooner had he disappeared than Peter commenced a preparation by which he increased a certain quantity of the spirit into double its bulk, after which he filled a large jar, not with the compound, but with the pure spirit, and despatched a small boy and an ass with it to the hall.

Towards the close of the evening the Hall and its environs presented a busy and bustling scene. The servants inside were busily occupied in preparations for the dinner-party, running to and fro, and shouting out orders and counter-orders from every part of the house; while the reapers and binders, mingled with beggars and stragglers of all sexes and sizes, were enjoying themselves in the farmyard in drinking, singing, dancing, and capering, with scarce an intermission.

The harvest had been nearly completed, and hence the last great gathering of the out-door labourers for the season was celebrated with all the hilarity and enthusiasm which became the occasion. Paddy Larkin and Anty Dreelin were footing it out to the best music of Denny Mullins, who *volunteered* to play a few tunes *for the sake of the boys and girls*, and not for any *lucre*. He scorned that, for they were all the boys and girls of the place, and he wasn't *partiklar*.

The captain made his appearance on the scene, and was loudly greeted and called upon to dance a hornpipe; but he declined, because, as he said, he was not in proper trim. Some of the neighbouring farmers' sons and daughters were also there, and took part in the dance—Peggy Cummins and Judy Casey, with Ned Doolin and Bill Cleary were especially conspicuous, and won much admiration for their gay and agreeable demeanour.

When the merriment was at its height, and while Denny the piper was in full blaze, accompanying the shrill music of his

chanter with the still more piercing music of his voice, as he shouted to the dancers to "mind their steps," and to "heel and toe it," with the exclamations—"That's you, Ned Doolin, drive it home ;" "Glory to you, Peggy Cummins ;" "Now, Bill Cleary, clinch it, your sowl ;" "Long life to you, Judy Casey ;—hee-e-e ! hee-e-e !" at this auspicious moment the shuffling and burly figure of Peter Mackey, the publican, with its red nose, appeared in the yard. This seemed to have given a still loftier swing to the hilarity.

Peter was a man of rather doubtful popularity ; he was suspected of being rather unfavourable to the general views entertained by his customers on political subjects, and this greatly diminished the confidence which he would otherwise have secured through the medium of his friendly and apparently confiding character. At any rate, he was generally regarded as a "cute, sensible man," who minded his own business, and acted civilly towards his customers. When he made his appearance on the present occasion, there arose a

general cheer for him; a cheer, which, doubtless, contained a large vein of irony; but Peter wasn't particular as to the nature of the concealed feelings—he was conversant enough in that species of disguise himself; he therefore returned the compliment, to all appearance with interest, exclaiming, as he waved his hat, and elevated his nose,—

“Long life to yees, ladies and gentlemen; and to you, Denny Mullins, and not forgetting the captain here” (the captain's countenance assumed a comic expression at this moment); “long life, and many happy years to yees all;” here he took from his coat pockets three or four bottles of whiskey, and holding them to view, exclaimed,—“*Jingo, there!* and now, boys, it'll do yees no harm to take a small drop from me.”

The applause which followed this action and speech was deafening. The glasses and cups were in requisition immediately; and healths and jokes went round, all tending to the health and happiness, and fame and glory of Peter Mackey.



At this time the sounds of carriages and of horsemen were heard in front of the mansion. The dinner-party was assembling. The Hall was all astir. The steward rolled his huge bulk from pantry to kitchen, and from kitchen to dining-room, ordering, counter-ordering, approving, condemning, growling, coughing, sneezing, and staggering. The announcement of guests to the drawing-room proceeded in rapid succession—Mr. Credan, Mrs. and Miss Credan, Mr. Whitmore, Rev. Dr. Markham, Mr. Granville and Miss Granville, Sir Michael Carey, the Misses Carey, Rev. Mr. Grigger, and some others. Mr. Moore was in high glee, and talked about his sheep, his corn crop, and the prices of farm stock. Mrs. Moore was delighted with the good looks, and the charming dresses of the Misses Carey, and expatiated on the elegance and propriety of style and contrast. The Misses Moore, Credan, and Granville were bubbling with joy and felicitation. All appeared smiling and happy, like an unclouded summer's day. After a little time dinner was



announced, and Mr. Moore took in the Misses Carey, one on either side; Sir Michael gave his arm to Mrs. Moore; Mr. Whitmore approached Miss Moore with his arm raised, but the lady happening to catch the eye of Mr. Granville, at the time glided round and took *his* arm; while Miss Credan took the arm of Mr. Whitmore; Master Harry and Miss Granville went in together, and the remaining gentlemen followed. The Rev. Dr. Markham said grace, and the feast was inaugurated.

Mr. Granville, who sat a little below the head of the table on the left side with Miss Moore on his right, was replying to some observation addressed to him by Mr. Moore, when Miss Moore, with a countenance a little flushed and bent, evidently endeavouring to suppress a titter, touched his elbow, and said in a low voice,—

“For mercy, look over.”

He glanced across the table, and met the eyes of Whitmore rivetted upon him, with an expression of such ludicrous intensity as made him inclined to laugh outright,

but he restrained himself, and observed to Miss Moore,—

“Such a droll expression ! what can be the matter with him ? ”

“I think,” replied the lady, still labouring to suppress the laughter that was struggling for vent, “I think that he is calculating the importance and influence of landed property.”

Herbert Granville smiled ; and after a few seconds observed,—

“Isn’t he a worshipper of yours ? ”

“Oh dear, yes,” was the reply, “a most indefatigable one ; can’t you see how woe-begone he looks ; he is dying for the opportunity of investing me with the splendour of his lofty attributes of power and genius.”

“Oh, I know,” rejoined Herbert, “his power of wealth, and genius for intrigue form his constant boast. I fear I am in danger, and, perhaps,” looking into Fanny’s eyes with a meaning smile, “I am not quite safe either. The influence of parents and friends is sometimes a dangerous impediment in the domain of love.

But yet, I suppose you won't permit me to despair?"

"Take care of yourself," whispered Fanny, "the fleetest hound, as papa says, is not always first in at the death."

Mr. Whitmore, in the meantime, had directed his attention to Miss Credan, who appeared quite enchained with his conversation.

"I say, Whitmore," exclaimed Sir Michael, "how is that field of turnips of yours promising?"

"Oh, 'tis *cracko*, I tell you, Sir Michael. Every one of 'em as big as your head, and a stone to the yard. I know how to handle the acres; maybe, I shall make a round two hundred out of that field, besides what shall go to the farm-yard."

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the baronet, "if any man can do it, I wager you're that man. You always keep a close eye on the profits, Whitmore—not the *prophets* of the Lord, though, ha! ha! ha!"

The other gentlemen joined in the laugh, and so did the ladies except Mrs. Moore, who looked a little ruffled. Mr. Whitmore

grinned, and plunged into the plate before him.

“I am glad to perceive that the general crop is good this year,” observed the Rev. Mr. Grigger, the Protestant rector.

“Impossible for it to be better,” said Mr. Moore, “except, perhaps, the hay crop, which is not so heavy as it might be : that’s owing to the early drought.”

“I venture to say now,” interposed Sir Michael, “that Mr. Whitmore’s hay crop was more than an average this year.”

Mr. Whitmore, who was at this time engaged with the leg of a turkey and with the eloquence of Miss Credan, turned round, without, however, relinquishing the bone ; in doing so, his elbow came in contact with his wine-glass, the contents of which dropped into the dress of the lady. Thus, in replying to the observation of Sir Michael, and stammering out an apology at the same time, for the accident of the wine-glass, a strange confusion of ideas flowed from him.

“Oh, yes, very good—down—cracko

—marshy soil—all wet, Miss Credan—excuse—the dry weather—’twas a blunder—in the season, only served—your dress—at the right time—to make it all right, Sir Michael, with my crop,—Miss Credan, pardon me.”

“Miss Carey, the pleasure of wine?” said Mr. Moore, bowing to that lady.

Mr. Whitmore hearing the word wine, and coupling it with the accident, cried out, “Only an accident, Mr. Moore; the glass turned, Miss Credan got a little on her dress.”

The ladies smiled. Mr. Moore now directing his conversation to the Rev. Dr. Markham, the Catholic priest, observed that a great change for the better was latterly apparent upon the face of the country, the tillage was greatly improved, and the people seemed more alive to the advantage of a rotation of crops. The Rev. Dr. concurred in the remarks of Mr. Moore, and said that Ireland needed repose from disturbing influences; if the people were more impressed with the necessity of steady industry and self-reliance the

country could not fail to advance in prosperity and peace.

“No doubt of it, no doubt of it,” observed Sir Michael, “I never could agree in the wisdom of this everlasting agitation which has prevailed throughout the country so long. It is calculated to unsettle the minds of the people, and to turn them from the pursuits of honest and useful industry. I never myself objected to the justice and reasonableness of the demand for Catholic emancipation, as urged by O’Connel; in fact, it was always to me a matter of surprise how so reasonable a measure could have been withheld so long, but this grievance being removed, I don’t see why the country should be still kept seething in the whirlpool of agitation.”

“Your views are quite in accordance with my own on that point, Sir Michael,” observed Dr. Markham; “persistent agitation upon subjects of questionable importance is attended, and must ever be attended with injurious results to the morals and social habits of the people.”

“If every one was of my mind,” inter-



posed Mr. Whitmore, "I know how all agitators should be served."

"How, Whitmore?" asked Mr. Moore.

"How! why, they should be hanged at every tree and housetop throughout the country where they dared to show their noses. That's my receipt for the cure of agitation."

A general laugh followed this shrewd observation.

"I must say," observed the Rev. Dr. Markham, "that your remedy has at least the merit of simplicity; but I question whether it is exactly in accordance with the spirit of the British constitution."

"Oh," observed Sir Michael, "Mr. Whitmore generally goes by the spirit of his own constitution, and allows the British one to take care of itself."

The cloth having been removed, Mr. Moore asked the gentlemen to fill their glasses. He then proposed to them the health of the king, and in doing so, said that he admired the Sovereign who now sat upon the British throne on account of his many virtues and exalted qualities.



He was a Sovereign who governed in the spirit of even-handed justice to all; and no matter how men might differ in their opinions as to this or that measure—no matter what political party might hold the reins for the time being, he maintained that the Sovereign, whose principles and actions showed him to be moved only by one consideration, that is, the general welfare and happiness of his people, was entitled to the respect and support of every honourable man. He now asked them to drink health and long life to His Majesty the King. The whole company rose, and the toast was received with enthusiasm.

After the cheering had subsided, Mr. Whitmore rose. He exhibited considerable uncertainty in his appearance and bearing, his hands were moving up and down in his trousers' pockets, his lower lip hung, while the right corner of his mouth was slightly curled; his eyes, which were misty, wandered slowly up and down the table as if in search of admiration, and his head kept pace with their movement. After a preliminary cough or two, he

opened by observing, that he was much pleased with the loyalty shown by the toast, and then continued,—

“I like all men to show their true colours, *cracko* if I don’t—the loyal man who never flinches from his post, as well as the man whose heart is opposed to our king and constitution, no matter what his tongue may utter. That’s me, straight up, and straight down—no mistake in me. And I maintain that it is only the landed interest that’s loyal in this country. There are men who have no pretensions—who can have no pretensions to loyalty” (here his eyes rolled in their misty orbits and rested upon Herbert Granville); “to such men, I say, show yourselves in your true colours, and don’t be hiding in the dark.” (Herbert here flashed a look at the speaker, a look of mingled sarcasm, contempt, and ridicule). “I will commence to show the points of view in which I consider the question of loyalty.”

The ladies rose to retire; some of the gentlemen also rose to see them out, and the orator being left without an audience,

looked for a moment considerably bewildered; he then, after looking slowly, and very apishly around him, fixed his eyes on a decanter and filled himself a glass of wine. Lifting it to his lips, he said, "Here's to all real loyal men, and *true blues*," and he swallowed the libation. Then resuming his seat, he leant back and commenced a low, scarcely audible whistle, to which he kept time with his large purple hands upon the table. The gentlemen resumed their seats, and commenced a running conversation upon various topics.

At length Mr. Moore rose, and said that he desired to propose a toast. The toast he wished to give them, and he felt great pleasure in proposing it, was the health of his worthy friend, Sir Michael Carey.

"I need not," he continued, "dwell at any length on the merits of that gentleman in the presence of those who know him as well as you do. As a landed proprietor he stands forth an encouraging example to us all, as respects those various duties which we owe to our dependents and tenantry, as well as to the in-

terests of the country at large (hear, hear). He is one whom we are always delighted to meet in the social circle, for his manners and bearing shed a lustre upon the festive board. And whether at sessions, or county meetings, or in the jury-room, or on the public platform, he is equally worthy of imitation by all who have the peace and prosperity of the country at heart."

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm ; all shouting out in unison the name of Sir Michael Carey.

That gentleman then rose to return thanks. He said, "Gentlemen, I cannot sufficiently express the gratification which I feel from the compliment which has been paid me by my venerable friend and neighbour, our worthy host, and also by you, gentlemen, in the hearty manner in which you have received his kind, and I must say flattering expression of sentiment towards me. I have always endeavoured, it is true, to discharge, as far as my ability has enabled me, the duties which I owe to the various interests with which I am directly or indirectly con-

nected ; but I fear that I have fallen short of the full accomplishment of my desires in that respect. However, we must all aim at the best, and strive to fulfil, according to our various abilities and opportunities, the offices which society and the country at large demand at our hands. Now, gentlemen, I shall invite you to join me in a toast which I am sure I need only mention in order to call forth your cordial approval. I give you, without a word of preface—for the toast will speak for itself—I give you the health, prosperity, and long and happy life of our host, Mr. Moore.”

All rose to their legs, and the name of Mr. Moore rang along the ceiling, with three times three, and again, and again.

Ere the echo of the last cheer had died away, Mr. Whitmore, who had been all this time leaning back in his chair and surveying the ceiling, except when he rose to join in the toasts, gathered himself up, with an appearance of vigorous importance, clenching his thick lips, and swelling out his eyes, and after a muddled glance to the head of the table, rose, and said,—

“Mr. Moore, and gentlemen—I mean, landed proprietors of the county—such are the men I mean to address, for they are the real loyal men and *true blues*. I don’t care one cracko for any other man, for I am straight up and straight down.”

“Rather doubtful,” interrupted Sir Michael, laughing.

“I repeat it,” resumed Mr. Whitmore.

“Oh, never mind repeating it,” interrupted Mr. Moore, rising; which action was simultaneously followed by the other gentlemen, and all proceeded to the drawing-room to join the ladies. Mr. Whitmore sat down, yawned, and filling himself another glass, drank to the health of the “real loyal, and the *true blues*.” Then, looking moodily around, he got up, and strolled into the drawing-room.

The ladies occupied themselves by turn at the piano, playing some of those exquisite Irish airs, which Moore has so happily clothed in English dress; while Harry Moore was playfully assuring them of the relationship existing between himself and



the poet, more particularly in the æsthetic sense, representing himself as being sometimes carried away by an extraordinary flow of inspiration, which raised him to the loftiest region of song.

In the meantime, Sir Michael Carey and the Rev. Dr. Markham were discussing topics of political interest as they sat half reclining on a couch in a distant corner of the room.

“I cannot,” observed Sir Michael, “agree in the propriety, or indeed in the ultimate utility of O’Connel’s movements. As a Catholic I have always felt that our disabilities—those political and religious disabilities—under which we have so long suffered, should be removed ; they were not calculated to subserve any useful purpose that I could ever see, but on the contrary they tended to weaken the empire by stimulating to periodical convulsions, and engendering bad feeling. Now, however, we have nothing to complain of in this respect. The last link, I may say, in the chain of bondage is broken by the Emancipation Act, and therefore, there should

be a cessation of that agitation and turmoil which, however excusable or even justifiable under former circumstances, can serve no useful purpose at the present moment. I must confess I cannot understand the wisdom of attempting to repeal the Act of Union. I think, and I have ever entertained the opinion, that a return to the old state of things would not be for the better. A united Parliament is better for these islands than a political system of disjointed action."

"It is not at all very clear," said Dr. Markham, "that a repeal of the Union would be attended with all the blessings that its advocates foreshadow. Possibly it would entail greater evils than those we are now labouring under. In the present state of the world a consolidation of empire would appear to be the consummation to which statesmen and politicians should direct their efforts. A divided family is as much exposed to evil fortune in a political, as in the domestic sense. Their interests are made to flow in contrary channels, and weakness and exposure to danger from

within and from without must necessarily follow. At the same time the British Government does not appear to regard us in the light of an integral portion of the empire, at least the laws are so framed as to justify this view of the case. I speak now altogether with reference to the religious question. That England being Protestant, should be compelled by law to support her own religious establishment is a matter which may or may not be considered wise or judicious, according to the predominant opinion of Englishmen; but that Ireland, being Catholic, should be forced, under the operation of law, to maintain a religious establishment not her own, admits of no justification in argument. If, therefore, a repeal of the Union would tend to the removal of this manifest injustice, it would unquestionably be productive of at least one good result; a result too not alone beneficial to this portion of the empire, but also to the whole, by the kindly feeling which would thereby be made to supplant the existing rancour. But would this consequence

necessarily flow from a repeal of the Act of Union? I doubt it myself, I am sorry to say, and I have more than one reason for entertaining such doubt. However, if this anomaly regarding the Church Establishment could be removed by British legislation, apart from the repeal of the Union, I should much prefer it. It is certainly a matter for congratulation that those unhappy restrictions and disabilities which have so long stamped their degrading marks upon us, have been at length removed. And although it is pretty generally believed that no important advantages will accrue to our country from this measure of emancipation, yet it must be confessed that its spirit and essence breathes of such advantages: they may not be brought into view at once; they may be obscured by imprudent action or by injudicious manipulation for a time; but I think that ultimately they must evolve themselves as inseparable and inherent results, contained in the principle of the measure. There is one subject, however, which, in my mind, overtops all others in

its bearing upon the material and social advancement of this portion of the empire. I mean that of the relation subsisting between the owners and occupiers of the Irish soil. This is a subject which should command the attention of British statesmen beyond any other that relates to this country. Ireland can never advance in any department of national (if I may use the word) prosperity as long as the present anomaly, for it is an anomaly, involved in the tenure and use of the soil is permitted to continue."

"I do not at all disagree with you on that point," said Sir Michael, "but a repeal of the Union would not, in my opinion, effect any good in that way. The British Parliament ought to be able, and, doubtless, is able to provide the remedy necessary to the removal of this evil. I have always felt the importance of this subject; and I have always practised as I have preached in this particular, as you know, doctor."

The doctor smiled his assent, and Sir Michael continued,—

"It is not the sentimental consideration

of not being allowed to let their land according to the terms which under every varying combination of circumstances may be secured—it is not this the landowners dread in any change of the law ; their real apprehension arises from the possibility of the tenants becoming independent occupiers of the soil ; for in that event—an event that I think in very many, or rather in most instances would unquestionably arise—the political power of the landowners would decline. There is, indeed, no question that the existing state of the law is replete with injury to the solid interests of this country. In England, it is true, the occupier of the soil is not favoured by any special enactment for his protection against the arbitrary will of the landowner, but then, in England, unlike to what prevails in Ireland, there is a substantial public opinion, which is a law stronger than some enactments and which bends the English landowner as with a chord of adamant. There is no public opinion in Ireland worth a pinch of snuff. This eternal meeting and hurrooing throughout the



country is not a public opinion. I believe O'Connel means well—of that I have no doubt, for I cannot see what object he can have in meaning otherwise: but it does not follow from this fact that his conduct and proceedings are not calculated to do much injury—and injury of a permanent nature too. Now that emancipation is carried, he should cease this turbulent agitation, and allow rational scope and play to the new political system. If this senseless movement for a repeal of the Union should go on, the fruits of emancipation will assuredly be lost, for the representation of Ireland will be thrown into the hands of half-educated and needy men, which can have no other issue than a certain disappointment to the hopes of the country. Such men can have no possible weight in the British House of Commons; and I am sure, doctor, you will agree with me when I say that the only weight they desire to have is that of rubbish in turning a scale—they will vote with the Minister for the promise of some paltry office, and then their Constituencies will be either forced by

bribery and intimidation to retain their *precious* services, or to elect others not one whit better than them. That is what I foresee as the likely result of this swaggering, speech-making system of agitation which is overspreading the country like a *miasma*."

At this moment the Rev. Mr. Grigger and Herbert Granville crossed over from another corner of the room, and joined Sir Michael and Dr. Markham.

"We are just talking of O'Connel's meetings and agitation, Mr. Grigger," observed Sir Michael, turning round on the couch, and addressing that reverend gentleman; "I am saying to Dr. Markham that they can be productive of little or no good."

"Why that is the very subject that myself and my young friend here, Mr. Granville, have been discussing since we came into the room. My young friend thinks that agitation when wisely directed is beneficial; and in that I agree with him, but we differ as to the *wise direction* of the present agitation. In fact, my opinion

is that O'Connel means a revolution—in plain terms, he desires, as I believe, to throw open the door to robbery, plunder, and bloodshed. What is your opinion, Dr. Markham?"

"Oh, Mr. Grigger," replied the doctor, smiling, "I do not at all think as you do; on the contrary, I believe that O'Connel is as much averse to revolution, that is, to a physical and blood-stained revolution, as you and I are. At the same time I do not see that his mode of proceeding, his promiscuous and irregular gatherings of the labouring and dissatisfied classes, is calculated to effect any good. Quite the contrary. Those classes have no interest in the question of whether or not the Act of Union ought to be repealed, for I really believe that if it was repealed to-morrow, no substantial good would follow to them from such repeal. At least, Ireland is not prepared at the present moment—and God only knows when her time of preparedness is to arrive—to enter upon a career of self-government. Well, whenever that time comes, those who shall then live,

will use it, I hope, for the national benefit."

"I have been endeavouring," observed Herbert Granville, with a playful grace, "to convince Mr. Grigger of the advantages of self-rule or home administration; but he will not view the matter in the same light with me."

As Herbert was proceeding, Mr. Whitmore, or Joe Whitmore, as he was familiarly called, came up from the direction of the ladies; and catching the last words of the speaker, interrupted him by saying,—

"Nor do I either see it in the same light; nor does any gentleman of property see it either. Cracko! it would be a pretty thing if we did."

Sir Michael, looking up with a rather comic expression of countenance, said,—

"Why, Joe, that property of yours hangs like a mill-stone around your neck; it won't strangle you though—it has been *fairly* got—ha! ha! ha!" and the baronet laughed heartily, the more so when he saw Joe protruding his chest, and eyeing his own person with evident self-

complacency. Here Sir Michael rose, and accompanied by Dr. Markham and Herbert approached the ladies, who were pressing Miss Moore to sing. Sir Michael backed them in their request; but still she manifested an unwillingness to comply. As they continued their request, she sought Herbert's eye, and immediately rising she approached the piano, and sang an air of exquisite pathos and melody, in a voice singularly sweet and tender.

“How sweet is the light of the morning  
When May decks the meadows with flowers !  
How sweet is the woodbine adorning  
The foliage of bright Summer bowers !  
But sweeter to me is the beaming  
The eyes of Affection impart,  
When gently it touches, bright-streaming,  
The answering chords of my heart.

“How sweet is the voice of the nightingale  
Tuning her song in the grove !  
How sweet are the echoes of glen and dale  
Muttering the accents of love !  
But sweeter to me are the soft words  
From the lips of Affection that roll,—  
And sweeter their touch on the light chords  
That thrill 'mid the depths of my soul.”

Having concluded the song, she rose from the piano, and walked towards another part of the room with her aunt, Mrs. Credan, who had motioned her to follow her; while Miss Carey, at the request of Mr. Moore, whose solicitation was supported by the Rev. Dr. Markham and the Rev. Mr. Grigger, and others present, sat to the piano, and commenced one of Moore's melodies.

"Now, my dear Fanny," said Mrs. Credan, addressing Miss Moore, when they were alone and unobserved: "now, my dear Fanny, I do not think that you are acting properly—I mean, that you are not doing exactly the right thing in behaving so coolly towards Mr. Whitmore this evening. I fear he has observed something—that is, I fear he suspects that you are rather attentive to that young man, Granville. Of course, I know that you are merely kind to him, poor young man, on account of his misfortunes, and those of his family; and that is a praiseworthy feeling, for we should always avoid wounding the feelings of the unfortunate: but



then there is a medium, you know, a certain point beyond which we shouldn't go even in our kindness and charitable intentions; because we are liable in such cases to offend those of our own rank, or circumstances, or—you know what I mean. There is Mr. Whitmore, who is so much attached to you, and who, of course, expects your undivided attention, that is, with a due regard to a proper observance of the rules of politeness towards others;—he has evidently noticed something this evening. You haven't paid him that attention which you ought. Mr. Granville may be well enough in his way; but that's all. He can have no pretensions to aspire to your hand;—and see, my dear, you should never by word or act encourage him to anything so foolish. Now, let me beg of you to go over to Mr. Whitmore, and let him understand that your feelings are with him: show him that nothing can influence you to place your happiness out of his keeping."

Here Miss Moore burst into a fit of laughter; after which she said, still

agitated by the emotions of ridicule excited by her aunt's observations,—

“What in the world, my dear aunt, makes you imagine that I entertain any feeling for Mr. Whitmore, beyond that of the merest neighbourly regard? Surely, you don't suppose that I am smitten by him, or that my heart is carried captive by the force of his all-conquering charms?” and here again she gave vent to her feelings of merriment.

Mrs. Credan looked very solemn; she crossed her arms over her bosom, pressed her lips, and looked inquiringly into the eyes of her niece. She then said,—

“Fanny, listen to me now: I expected more deference to my opinions from you than you seem willing to give them. I have always felt an interest in you, and I have made it a point to study the means of promoting your welfare. You are called after me. Fanny is a Credan family name; it does not belong to the Moores. It came down to our family through the great O'Phouls, who were descended from the clan MacGlower; and it has passed on

century after century, I don't know how many indeed, but they are very many; I say it has passed on century after century, through the various branches of our race, and now you and I share it between us as the latest representatives of the family. I say, then, you shouldn't forget this; and being called after me you have a right to attend to what I design for your welfare. Your mother, I need scarcely say, is altogether of my mind with regard to Mr. Whitmore; she thinks with me that the families of the county, the families, I mean, who are possessed of property—landed proprietors—these should always form matrimonial alliances, and by that means uphold their stations and respectability. You must know, my dear, that people of broken fortunes should be avoided—I mean, of course, in the way of alliances—God forbid I should mean anything else. To be sure, the Whitmores are not of the old Irish stock, but then they hold a large property; it may not be a property of ancient inheritance, of course it is not, but then, we mustn't always look for perfection,

because in these times of change and adversity it is not easily found. Perfection is a thing not easily found. So now, you must, my dear, think better of this; and do not trifle with your happiness. Mr. Whitmore may not be possessed of all those qualities which attract the mind, but he has personal attractions: he is a good-looking young man, his education, it is true, hasn't been of a high order, but he can read and write well; in fact, his penmanship is splendid, nothing can be more so; and I have heard that he is a good accountant—that he can manage figures well, that is, in a plain way.”

Miss Moore, who for the last five minutes was using every possible exertion to appear grave and attentive to her aunt's admonitions, could no longer restrain herself. She burst out into a ringing peal of laughter, which attracted the audience at the piano, some of whom turned round to inquire the cause of the amusement, when they saw Miss Moore with her arms around the neck of Mrs. Credan, playfully caressing her, as though she wished to

propitiate her offended dignity; for the latter lady appeared drawn up at her full height, wearing a look of the most austere gravity, made still more intense by a slight contraction of her brows and lips.

Sir Michael Carey and Dr. Markham immediately joined the niece and aunt; Sir Michael informing them, with apparent glee, that the company were about to retire to the Hall to see a dance. There was then a simultaneous exit from the drawing-room, and the hall soon presented a scene of excitement.

Denny Mullins, the piper, was there in all his glory, doing the most ample justice to that ancient and memorable melody the "Coolin." His eyes were half-closed and directed to the ceiling, while his under lip and jaw moved with a tremulous emotion to the quavering cadence of the song. The chanter now rose and fell upon his knee with quick and jerky precision, and now with an easy slow motion which permitted the full and swelling egress of the melody. Nelly Corcoran was there, with her granddaughter, Minny

Rice, in the immediate vicinity of Denny. The captain sat on a table at the lower extremity of the hall, entertaining the fat steward with anecdotes of his travels. Paddy Larkin was in one corner, seated on a bench, with Anty Dreelin by his side, into whose ear he was breathing, not soft whisperings of love, we are sorry to say, but black designs of treason. There were also present, Ned Doolan and Bill Cleary, Peggy Cummins and Judy Casey, and, though last not least, the *loyal* and *true* Peter Mackey, from the Cross, publican and general grocer.

These were the notabilities : others were there whose names we do not think it necessary to record.

Upon the entrance of the ladies and gentlemen into the hall, the piper's chanter became mute, and a general silence ensued ; but only for a second or two, for then all rose to their feet, the captain leading, and gave three most vociferous cheers for the ladies and gentlemen.

Mr. Moore and the other gentlemen, as also the ladies, acknowledged the compli-



ment thus paid them, by bowing and smiling all round. After a little time all had again resumed their places; and Denny commenced to play "The Wedding of Ballynafad." This having been concluded, Mr. Moore requested the captain to favour the company by dancing a hornpipe. The captain cheerfully complied, and Denny struck up a tune of exquisite measure and modulation, to which the captain responded with a spring and bound, after which he flung himself into full accord with the jerking roll of the melody. He was clapped and cheered, and after a display of remarkable dexterity, not unmixed with graceful action, which continued for about ten minutes, he concluded by bounding into the air, striking his heels together while thus raised, and then coming to the floor with his feet at right angles.

Sir Michael Carey then taking Miss Moore by the hand, asked for a waltz. Denny played, and the baronet and his partner circled round in gay and graceful movement to the music. Other gentlemen,

taking partners, followed the example thus set them, and the hall became redolent of light-hearted gaiety.

There was one there, however, who did not seem to enter into the excitement of the scene. This was Mr. Whitmore, who, standing by the chimney-place, appeared somewhat absorbed in reflection. He threw his eyes occasionally in the direction of the baronet and his partner, and occasionally in that of Herbert Granville, who was engaged in the dance with one of the baronet's daughters. He then became engaged in the survey of his own person, looking at his shoulders, and then at his breast, and so on, until his glance reached the toes of his boots, which he turned up a little and gravely admired. He was thus occupied when the baronet concluded his dance, and was advancing towards the top of the hall with his partner leaning on his arm. Seeing this, Whitmore stepped forward and asked Miss Moore to do him the honour of taking a "whirl" with him. She politely declined on the plea of fatigue; when he said, with an affected jocular-ity,—

“ Oh, I suppose you don’t consider me entitled to the honour ; if I were a beggar without character—a rebel—then I might succeed. Cracko ! haw ! haw ! haw ! ”

Miss Moore drew herself up, coloured slightly, and flashed a look of contempt into his face, while Sir Michael frowned, and waved him back with his arm.

Soon afterwards the ladies and gentlemen retired, and the scene of festivity was terminated.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A GRAVE CONSULTATION—FEMALE DIPLOMACY.

FROM the observations and bearing of Joe Whitmore, as given in the preceding chapter, the reader cannot help perceiving that he was a man essentially vulgar in his nature, and addicted to those vices of manner and conduct which are the necessary products of such a nature. He was rude and arrogant, and always on the watch for an opportunity to obtrude his loyalty, his property, and his person upon the notice and attention of his audience. One would imagine, from the peculiar phraseology which he sometimes employed, such as "Real loyal, and true blue," that he belonged to some fraternity or organization whose distinctive characteristic was

loyalty to the throne, and opposition to every sentiment or movement calculated to disturb or in any way affect the established order of things. But this would be a mistake. He was not a member of any particular society of this sort; nor indeed did he really understand the peculiar obligations of any body of men, no matter of what shape or form of organization, then existing in Ireland. He was perfectly indifferent to their aims and views. All he knew, or wished to know, on this subject was, that every man of property should be opposed to every measure and every movement that had a tendency to improve or elevate the condition and status of the labouring and industrious classes. Anything that savoured of this was to him rank rebellion, or a certain indication of a want of loyalty to the throne.

Not, indeed, that his *esprit de corps* went so far as to disturb him when a member of his own class—that is, a landholder—became embarrassed or bankrupt. He rather chuckled at that, for it afforded him an opportunity of exhibiting his own

superior wisdom and conduct in the management of his affairs. But not only was he undisturbed at a catastrophe of this kind, but he seemed rather pleased; and from the moment that such an event occurred he became suspicious of the unhappy gentleman who was thus plunged into ruin, and believed, or seemed to believe, that he was no longer entitled to confidence, or even to ordinary courtesy. Such natures as his can see no merit in aught but success, and a success, too, in accordance with the low and sordid views which they themselves entertain. Success in science, in art, in literature, in trade, or in commerce—this they do not, for they cannot regard as a subject for approval, much less for admiration, unless it is accompanied with the one all-important ingredient—wealth. Wealth, money, property, is everything to them; while virtue, education, manners, social refinement, intellectual and moral worth, are as nothing, or worse than nothing.

Mr. Whitmore was a very complete representative of such natures. He was



the owner of a considerable landed estate, transmitted to him through his grandfather and father, and acquired in the first instance in a way by no means reputable. But this mode of acquisition ought not to be regarded as a stain upon his character, nor was it. But yet, when a man divests himself of that humane spirit which loves to think well and to do well in the interests of humanity, throughout the diversified field of human conduct, and when he wraps himself up in the folds of his concentrated selfishness, disregarding the wants, the necessities, the misfortunes, the sufferings of his fellow-men; then, indeed, not only his own vices and crimes, but also those of his ancestors are arrayed against him by the indignant voice of injured humanity.

Mr. Whitmore's property, or rather the source whence it chiefly originated was, therefore, occasionally remembered to his disadvantage. He occupied a magnificent mansion, which stood upon a part of this property, and which was known by the high-sounding title of Castle Whitmore. He lived alone, if we except an old maiden

aunt, who had some small property of her own, and a cousin, a young man who had become an orphan at an early age, and whom he was now supporting. His whole time was devoted to the general supervision of the estate, and to the particular management of a farm which lay within his demesne, and contiguous to his mansion. His whole time, did we say? No; he occasionally attended county meetings, assizes, and quarter sessions, in order to exhibit his importance in the county, and to frown down every man who was not “real loyal, and a true blue.”

He was, as must be expected, an oppressor of the poor; that is to say, he had no consideration for their wants or their sufferings, and was ever ready to unite in any measure, act, or proceeding that was calculated to keep them in helpless bondage. In short, he had no feeling for them. But neither had he that fearless or reckless spirit, which is sometimes, though falsely, designated courage, which would openly and defiantly harass and persecute them. He had none of that. His persecution was

retiring and silent, because his selfishness was intense. He loved himself too much to walk in the path of danger, and he hated the poor too much to give silent aid to their efforts of advancement.

As we have said, he belonged to no society of any kind, political or religious, scientific or charitable, except that he was a Protestant by profession, and frequented his church. Indeed, his conduct, in this particular, was extremely edifying. He dressed well, even to ostentation; and he paraded his carriage and pair at the church door on every Sunday at about eleven o'clock. There was no failure here. But we have seen how far his principles as manifested in his general conduct accorded with this external demeanour. He did not belong to an Orange Society, to a Repeal Association, or to any organization of a prominent political or religious character. That would never do. He was both too good and too bad for that. He wished only to be a tyrant in his own little way, and thus to revel in his own individual greatness. There are many such persons,

both rich and poor ; for it must be remembered that the possession of property is not necessary to constitute either a fool or a rogue. There are men to be found—and, indeed, they obtrude themselves on the view every day—who are not encumbered with a vestige of property of any kind, but who, nevertheless, exhibit all the qualities that are essential to the formation of cruel and heartless tyrants. They are, too, some of them, possessed of all the weak, as well as vicious, points of Joe Whitmore. They are selfish, vain, arrogant, hypocritical, cowardly. In short, fools and rogues, as we have said, may or may not be distinguished by the possession of property. It is not absolutely necessary for them ; they can flourish in any soil, in any climate.

Joe Whitmore, however, was a rich rogue-fool. Another vice he had inseparable from his caste. He believed every woman to whom he turned his attention should be in love with him ; and in this respect—indeed the only respect almost in which he succeeded in producing any

interest among his acquaintances — he sometimes exhibited in his person and conduct a fund of amusement. But here, as in everything else connected with him, the malevolence of his nature prevailed. He was jealous, suspicious, and mean in all his love-making. If, for instance, a rival, or one whom he suspected to be a rival, came in his way, no matter how near a friend he might be, he would invariably depreciate him by the invention—for he descended to invention in those cases—and the propagation of every form of falsehood and scandal that appeared useful or necessary for his purpose. His manner of address, however, when in company with a lady, afforded an inexhaustible supply of ridicule and fun. He rolled his flabby grey eyes, with what he conceived to be irresistible effect. He protruded his big chest, which was adorned with frills and chains; he stood firm and erect upon his thick legs and flat feet, and he laughed with surpassing glee. He then coughed slightly, and reddened a little, giving utterance at the same time to some vulgar expres-

sion—he was wholly incapable of any other expression—which he regarded as conclusive evidence of his dexterity and finesse ; for he would immediately turn round and admire his person, and then go off into a fit of the most sublime abstraction. In this way his love might be said to be universal ; for he thought no woman beneath his passing care, as long as she afforded him an opportunity to display himself, and to laugh. But of all his conquests—for he deemed every woman a conquest who was humorous enough, or condescending enough, or indifferent enough to listen to him—there was none that seemed to touch his heart so much as Miss Moore. She became his idol. He worshipped her with all the ardour he was capable of, and was prepared to forsake every other shrine, if he were only admitted within the sanctuary of hers.

Miss Moore was beautiful, accomplished, and winning. She was endowed both by nature and education, with a very large amount of intellectual and moral power. She was keen and penetrating, yet mild



and sensitive, and she possessed a large fund of practical good sense. Personal pretension, a pompous exterior, a glittering surface, had no attractions for her. She sought one predominant quality in the man to whom she could consign her heart, and that was a noble mind. But this high predominant quality was wholly wanting in the character of Mr. Whitmore.

There was one, however, who did possess it; and this one was known to Miss Moore. Herbert Granville was that man. And Miss Moore loved Herbert Granville. It sometimes happens that the jewel of a noble mind is set in a frame devoid of attraction, or even repulsive. But in the present instance, the setting and the jewel were in keeping. To a lofty mind and cultivated intellect, Herbert Granville added a person of the most exquisite mould, and manly beauty. We have described him in a former chapter, and shall not, therefore, linger here for the purpose of re-introducing him to the reader.

It was scarcely to be wondered at, under all the circumstances which brought this

bright couple within the same orbit, that Love's light and warmth should have shone and glowed within the bosoms of both. Indeed, the wonder would be if it were otherwise. This, then, being the case, not only were Whitmore's attentions to Miss Moore irksome and repulsive to her, they were even disgusting. It is true, she sometimes was compelled to endure them, for the mere sake of politeness, and in deference to the feelings and opinions of her family. But on such occasions the revulsion of feeling she was forced to undergo operated upon her in such a manner as to cause her to shudder at the very mention of his name.

Such then was the state of affairs, and such the relations existing between these three several parties at the time of which we are speaking. Whitmore hated Granville; but Granville only despised Whitmore. The latter was regarded by Miss Moore with a feeling of mingled horror and disgust. The former she loved with the deepest, sweetest, holiest affection.

It was little wonder that a refined and

sensitive nature such as that of Miss Moore's should recoil from contact with one whose mind and soul were filled with grovelling ideas, and low, vicious propensities, unrelieved by a single impulse of noble aspiration.

To give an idea of the excessive viciousness and hopeless baseness of his nature and character, we need only refer to a visit which he had recently made to Brookfield Hall. The family, with the exception of Miss Moore, were absent. In all probability he was aware of this circumstance; for, to crown his other meannesses, he was addicted to that of prying into the incomings and outgoings of every family in the country, high and low, to whom he was permitted any access—even their slightest movements or actions, their conversations, their visitors, their dress, furniture; everything round and about them became to him subjects of gossip. It was, therefore, most probable that on the day of his visit to which we refer, he was aware of the absence of Mr. Moore and family, with the exception of Miss

Moore; and that, acting in the spirit of his low and gross nature, he availed himself of the opportunity thus open to him, to thrust himself into that lady's presence, and to insult her by indulging in observations at once vulgar, vicious, and base.

When he called, the servant showed him into the drawing-room; and shortly after Miss Moore came in. She received him with courteous politeness, and ordered him some cake and wine, which he took with greedy eagerness, observing that he had had a long walk over the hills, and therefore felt a need of some refreshing beverage. He lost no time, however, in turning the conversation to Herbert Granville, whom he described as a man unworthy the attention, much less the affection, of any lady who regarded her own character. His faults, and vices, and crimes were set forth in most repulsive colouring; Whitmore, doubtless, drawing Herbert's character from the lineaments of his own. He possessed no redeeming quality in the dark and turbid imagination of his slanderer. He was mean, unfeeling, unjust, dishonest.

He was a deceiver, a rebel, and a beggar. Such was the strain of vilification in which he proceeded whilst he was filling glass after glass of wine, and smacking his lips in recognition of the enjoyment which the wine and the occasion afforded him. He interspersed his observations upon Herbert Granville, which were straggling, unconnected, and wild—the substance of which only we have given, for it would be impossible to transcribe his stuttering incoherencies word by word—he interspersed those observations with insinuations to Miss Moore, touching her feelings, her intentions and prospects in relation to Herbert, and also in reference to his own claims upon her attention.

“Now,” he went on to say, “you see, Miss Moore, that a man of position and circumstance is not to be overlooked—eh, now? Hem! cracko! I think a lady in your position should not connect yourself with a fellow of no character. Who is Granville, I should like to know? eh? cracko! No girl would marry him; no one would trust him; hem! eh?”

cracko! You don't know him, Miss Moore. I wonder your father allows him to his house. Besides, he is a beggar; he hasn't a blanket to cover him, hem! eh? cracko! You don't know him, Miss Moore; do you know him, eh? I do, though. I can't bear him, hem! he is such a low villain—cracko! I know him."

It is not to be supposed that Miss Moore remained silent throughout this degrading exhibition; or that she did not show by word and look her displeasure and indignation at such base and infamous language directed against the man whom she loved, and whose character she knew to be noble and honourable. By no means: she was not silent. It is true, she did not immediately rise, and order the ruffian from her presence; this she did not do for two reasons, first, because she despised him; and second, because she was unwilling to stain Herbert's name by mixing it up in anything like a quarrel with a man so entirely beneath him. But she, by her looks, and by her abrupt expressions of impatience and dissatisfaction, showed



him as forcibly as it was possible to convey it, that she not only dissented from every vile expression uttered against Herbert, but that she also felt the utmost repugnance for the man who was reviling him.

“I don’t believe it,” she would say; “indeed, I know it is not true. Mr. Granville is a *gentleman*. He has a noble mind. No *gentleman* could speak disparagingly of *him*. He knows who deserves his contempt. A *coward* only could slander Mr. Granville. No *gentleman*, or man of *character*, could or would *dare* do it. Baseness is tolerated, merely on account of its baseness. No high-minded man would stain his fingers with it or with its *embodiment*.”

Thus she would go on with short, caustic withering expressions, accompanied with looks of the most bitter sarcasm. But they were lost on Joe Whitmore; the low nature which enabled him to revile and slander an absent gentleman to the woman who loved him, and whom he loved, was incapable of perceiving the merited scorn

which fell from her eyes and lips as he stammered out his slanders.

At length, however, finding that nothing she had said or looked had the effect of stopping the foul and broken current of his base and slanderous observations, she rose from her seat, and walking towards the fireplace with indignation mantling upon her countenance she jerked the bell-pull, and then walked towards the door, where meeting the servant, she said, addressing him, and at the same moment pointing her finger towards Whitmore,—

“Show that man out of the house; and tell him never again to dare obtrude himself upon my presence.”

She then walked away; and hastening to the sanctuary of her bedroom, she there gave vent to her injured feelings in a copious flood of burning tears.

Whitmore, notwithstanding his stolid nature, and the inherent vileness of his character, looked abashed beneath the overwhelming scorn and crushing rebuke which he thus received; but he soon recovered himself, and rising with a jerk, he

shook himself, poured out another glass of wine, drank it off at a snap, and strutted towards the door, muttering some incoherent words between his teeth, among which the only ones that were audible were, "Hem ! yes ! yes ! cracko ! Eh ? ha ! ay, cracko !"

On the morning of the day succeeding that of the dinner-party there sat in the drawing-room of Brookfield Hall, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, the two sisters, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Credan, in earnest conversation touching the general interests of the two families, the Moores and Credans, but in special reference to those of the eldest daughter of the house of Moore. In a word, Miss Fanny Moore was the central topic of their deliberation.

"And look at her imperious behaviour the other day," Mrs. Moore was observing in response to some remark of Mrs. Credan's, "how unbecoming in her, and how detrimental to her own prospects in life. I have again and again, my dear Fanny, pointed out to her the necessity of treating

Mr. Whitmore with respect; but her answer to me has always been, that she can't bear him further than as a source of amusement. Yes, upon my honour, nothing less. She likes him as a butt, if you please, but nothing more. What *do* you think of such conduct from a girl, too, of little more than seventeen years?"

"Well, my dear Felicia," replied Mrs. Credan, "you cannot put an old head on young shoulders. Perhaps we were not very competent ourselves, at her age, to see what was precisely correct and good for us in our intercourse with the gentlemen of our time. I am sure, I don't forget how I treated Barton—you know blubby Charley of Barnane?—when he was paying his *devoirs* to me. How I used to be amused with his apish ways, and his absurdities of manner; but I never could *love* him, oh, dear! oh, dear! that was quite out of the question. And yet, he was a man that occupied, you know, a good position, and owned a good estate. But I never could *love* him. That was foolish of course; but you know, girls will dream

of such nonsense. Sarah Clapper flew at him. Oh, dear ! I can never forget that girl. She was so gay, so buoyant, and so frivolous ; she didn't *love* him ; in fact, she never *could* love anybody I think ; that is, she was, I don't say above, but *beneath* that nonsense. For you know that there are young persons who are, or at least seem to be unsuited, from some cause or other, to take part in those affairs of the heart,—in those tender weaknesses of youth. Of course, love is a weakness ; but *young* people are sometimes caught by it ; and in that way miss their chances in life. A greater fool you couldn't meet than blubby Charley of Barnane, he was so finely attired, and so charmed with himself, and so *laughy* and *talky*. Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! how amused we used to be with his absurdities and meannesses. And when Sarah Clapper married him, we all said there couldn't possibly be a more suitable match—a brace of silly mean fools. Well, but he was a good match, after all ; that is, for a person like her. He had a good estate, you see ; that's the point. Of course

people laughed at them ; and it is well for respectable and sensible people to have such persons to amuse them. The world would be dull indeed, my dear, if we hadn't some such fools. But my opinion with respect to Fanny is this: she can't be brought to love Mr. Whitmore, that's impossible ; neither can she be brought to marry him, at least, at present ; that is, as long as Herbert Granville is living amongst us. But he is leaving this country, I believe : I know it, in fact ; for I have had it from a good source, that is, Dr. Markham. Well, all we have to do in the meantime is to check on one side, and encourage on the other. You understand, my dear. Check the intercourse between Herbert and herself as much as possible, without giving a shock ; and encourage Whitmore to hope ; in fact, let him understand all is right. You see that move, my dear Felicia ? ”

“ But the advantages of property and position,” observed Mrs. Moore, “ are so great in the case of Mr. Whitmore, that I cannot endure the idea of her hesitating at all about marrying him. Love, indeed !



What has she to do with such nonsense? Oh, yes, to be sure, that fellow Herbert is so poetical and romantic, and has that elegance of manner that silly girls talk so about; I really am at a loss to express the abhorrence I feel when I think of such ridiculous childishness. I wonder what can all that sort of thing avail those who are thoughtless and foolish enough to be carried away with it; without perhaps means sufficient to afford them the commonest necessities of life? Upon my honour, my dear Fanny, I sicken of this romantic foolery. I do not know but that Herbert Granville would be a suitable match for my daughter, if his father's property had remained with him. His respectability in other points of view is quite well enough; he is well descended, and well-educated; and I have nothing to urge against his personal character; but, bah! what is all that, when we know that he is a beggar? I have always said to Mr. Moore, when that young man first began to frequent this house (he and Harry, of course, were companions, being school-

fellows and playmates), and at that time the Granville family were, or appeared to be in good circumstances; but after they had lost their property I have frequently told Mr. Moore that his continuing to come to this house could not tend to any good. I am sure I have used every reasonable precaution against encouraging a continuance of familiarity between our family and the Granvilles. But Mr. Moore, as is usual with him whenever I warn him upon any matter, turned a deaf ear to me, or laughed at what he called my *botheration*. Why, to be sure! she talks and laughs so about Mr. Whitmore's *vulgar pretensions*. Vulgar pretensions, indeed! I am sure that any lady couldn't object to his person, or his manners either. His education is not as perfect as it might be, very true; he is not very refined or polished, true enough; but then he has good sense, and his understanding is not at all weak. Then again, she talks of his vanity, his dress, and self-admiration, and his habit of laughing. Well, that may be so; but how are we to suit ourselves with everything desirable?

We cannot. Of course our families, both the Moores and Credans, are unexceptionable, and entitled to enter into alliance with any families in the county; but as we cannot make everything suit, and secure that which is best, we must be content with what may be considered reasonable success. The Whitmores are a good family enough; they are not, to be sure, of ancient lineage; and their origin may be, as is said, not quite sightly; yet the young man himself is unobjectionable, and the property is as fine as any in the county. How many young ladies in the county would refuse him, I should like to know?"

"Upon my honour, Felicia, I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Credan, laughing; "if they were like you and me they would not reject him, I daresay; but you must know that *our* love days are past—not that I ever allowed love to interfere with my speculations, any more than yourself. However, we must act on the principle that there is such a thing as love."

"Well, then, let her love him," said Mrs. Moore.

“Oh, love doesn’t come by volition,” rejoined Mrs. Credan, laughing.

“I don’t know about that,” observed the other; “I have known many ladies in my time who brought themselves to love those whom they had an interest in marrying. It may not have been romantic love—that love that is nursed among flowers and zephyrs, and feeds upon poetry and sentiment—but it was a rational love—a love that looked calmly at consequences, and kept in view a secure independence. And that’s love enough for any reasonable creature.”

Mrs. Credan again burst into a fit of laughter, clapping her hands in an ecstasy of merriment.

“Really, Felicia, I cannot help it,” she said; “you talk so philosophically, as Mr. Credan expresses it; I am inclined to think that you will overdo the thing you aim at. All that is necessary, in my mind, at the present moment, is to discountenance Mr. Granville to a certain extent—not too much, for fear of a reaction, but just enough to awaken his pride a

little, and divert his attention into some other channel. Fanny herself should be a party to this; and she could be led into it by our making her believe that it would be the surest way to retain his fidelity to her; do you understand? At the same time, Whitmore should be encouraged, just moderately only; and in this Fanny too should be induced to co-operate by showing her that it would have the effect of restraining him from his too ardent love-making. Then if Herbert should leave the country, as I have no doubt is his intention, some decided steps might be taken towards the accomplishment of our object in the union of Fanny and Whitmore. Now, that is my plan; and I hope you will act upon it. Depend upon it, it's the best that can be thought of under present circumstances. I wouldn't go farther, Felicia; I would not, indeed."

"I don't know exactly what to think of that arrangement," observed Mrs. Moore; "it doesn't appear to me to be sufficient to meet the urgency of the case. Love has many devices to elude

the stratagems that may be opposed to it. Love—out upon the word ; I hate it ! ”

Mrs. Credan again fell into a fit of laughter, while she pressed her hands upon her sides ; and tears rolled down her cheeks in the intensity of her emotion.

“ I declare, Fanny,” resumed Mrs. Moore, “ you seem not to treat the matter with that seriousness which it demands ; it is not a subject for laughter at all. It affects not alone my daughter’s happiness, but the happiness and welfare of our families. What a thing it would be indeed to see her married to a romantic, accomplished beggar : I am quite put out about it ; I cannot help it.”

“ Well,” interrupted Mrs. Credan, “ I have suggested to you what I suppose to be the best remedy under the circumstances ; and you do not seem to approve of it. What then do you propose ? ”

“ What do I *propose* ? ”

“ Yes, what do you *propose* ? ”

“ I propose this, that she be sent to Mooloch to your house ; and kept there under a certain restraint until such time



as we see that Herbert Granville shall have left the country; if he will leave it, which I doubt; at least before he accomplishes his wicked purpose."

"What wicked purpose?" asked Mrs. Credan.

"Why," replied Mrs. Moore, "what else than wicked is his design to marry my daughter? She who, if Whitmore were dead to-morrow, would get any man in the county whose alliance we desired. *That* is what I call wicked. I have no patience with the thing at all. Well, what I propose is, that she be sent to Mooloch and kept there until we discover whether Herbert is going away. If he should go, then we are safe. But in the event of his not going we could still keep her there, until she ceased to have any thought about him. In the meantime we could acquaint Mr. Whitmore with her change of residence, and encourage him to call as often as he liked. He might be asked to dinner in the first instance; and then a shooting-party might be got up; and other plans of this nature might be had

recourse to so as to make his visits come easy to him. In this way, it appears to me, the thing could be safely done; and all danger from frequent intercourse with Herbert, such as could scarcely be prevented if she remain here, be averted. Now, what do you think of that, Fanny?"

Mrs. Credan bent forward on the couch, and placing the forefinger of her right hand on her compressed lips, while she gently stroked her dress with her left hand, she remained in deep meditation for nearly a minute; then rising and pacing the floor with her hands clasped behind her back, she commenced to speak thus:—

"Felicia, I thought that you possessed some penetration; at least, that you were capable of seeing more deeply into matters than you now appear to be. What is love? Let us not deceive *ourselves*, whatever we may do in our endeavours to guard Fanny against any imprudent act. We may beguile her; we may persuade her—perhaps we may—of the vanity of love, of its deception, its instability, its shadowiness; and in this way induce her to abandon any

feeling of this sort that she may entertain for Herbert Granville. We may be able to do this, perhaps. But, there is one thing that we cannot do—we cannot shut our own eyes to a forgetfulness of that influence, that power which love possesses over the human heart. We may now condemn the passion just as it may seem good to us—just as it may be our interest to do so; but let us not forget that such a passion does exist in our nature, and that it is one which cannot be rooted out by the advice of friends, or by any influence short of death itself. It may be checked; it may be prevented from rushing forward in an impetuous torrent; it may even be diverted from its course; but dried up, never! If Fanny really loves Herbert Granville, she shall continue to love him as long as his heart responds to hers—that at least. It may be longer; but as it is a passion that requires to be fed, to be sustained, to be upborne on an element congenial to itself, it will last as long as that support is administered to it. It cannot feed upon itself, it is true; it may perish, and must

perish when it has nothing to live on. But what is the food, what is the element in which it lives? Does the object vanish from the sight? Is it laid beneath the green sod? Suppose it is; then does love perish? No. Place Herbert Granville beyond the broad Atlantic; nay, place him, if you will, in the tomb of his fathers, and Fanny will still continue to love him as if he were walking abroad before her eyes in all the attractions of his noble mind and manly grace. Let his love perish though; let his heart cease to throb in unison with hers; then indeed whether he lies beneath the green sod, or walks above it, her love must perish, and perhaps her body perish with it. It is not a necessary consequence that the life of the body should go out with the life of love; but it sometimes happens so. Now, this being the case—and it is the case—what can you expect from the course you propose? What can you expect in the way of preventing Fanny from loving Herbert? or of coercing her to love the other, a thing impossible for her

to do? But you may hope to coerce her to marry Whitmore without loving him? Never! Believe me, Felicia, Fanny is made of different material. She will never marry the man whom she cannot love; and if she loves Herbert Granville, as I believe she does, she never can love Joe Whitmore. Never, never! I do not blame her, after all; she cannot help it. It is easy for you and me, my dear sister, to talk coolly and calmly over this matter. We have never loved, I suppose; I have not. How then can we prescribe rules to those who are under the sway of that delightful passion; for I can imagine it delightful, although I have never been myself, properly speaking, under its influence? I may have felt the thrill of the Divinity's presence for a moment, though I never knelt at his shrine enshrouded in the full effulgence of his glory. You see, my dear sister," she continued, smiling, "I have read some poetry. However, my advice I have already tendered to you; and I do think it is the best to follow at present. I cannot at all agree with your

view of the matter ; for I think it would be only affording a greater scope to the feeling, if it does exist with Fanny, and annoying her to no purpose."

"Well, I am sure, I don't know what to say, or how to act," observed Mrs. Moore ; "but I cannot allow my daughter to be married to a pauper. As for that love you speak of, I never can bring myself to believe in it. Look at me ; have I not been happy since my marriage with George—ever up to the present day ? We have had our differences of opinion, and our little annoyances of one kind or other ; but then I have been quite happy with him ; but I never married him for love. I could have married any gentleman at the time, just as well ; I mean, of course, any gentleman of character and property, and not deformed or repulsive in any way. I liked him, just as I would any gentleman who might have been considered by my father and family as a desirable match. That's all."

"Now, Felicia," broke in Mrs. Credan, "let us not say any more upon this subject



at present. Let us speak to Fanny herself about it, and hear what she says. She is, as you know, a very sensible, prudent girl for her years; and I am inclined to suppose that she would not act rashly in this matter any more than in any other. Let us hear her, at any rate."

"Very well," said Mrs. Moore, "I shall have her here in a few minutes."

While we are waiting for Fanny, to hear what she has to say in answer to any interrogatories that may be put to her by her mother and aunt, we may as well introduce these two ladies more formally to the reader. They were the daughters of Geoffrey Credan of Mooloch, an ancient family in the county; indeed so ancient that they derived, or boasted to have derived their descent from the Milesian Colony who had established themselves in Ireland some centuries, as it is believed, before the Christian era. They were a good family, no doubt; for in addition to their ancient lineage, they could fairly boast of an amount of private and public virtue transmitted from sire to son, and exempli-

fied in various acts of exalted patriotism and noble generosity, which could not be placed to the credit of many families in the country. No member of the family was ever known to descend to mean practices for self-aggrandizement, or to shrink from the assertion of public principle through fear of ill-consequence to themselves. On many occasions they lost advantages, which they might have easily secured by swerving a little from the right line of honour; but this they were always incapable of doing: so that under every phase of changing circumstances in the history of their country, they adhered to the standard of honour and of principle. They were consequently greatly respected not only in the county where they resided from time immemorial, but also throughout the whole extent of the land. Their very name was a synonym of integrity, honour, patriotism. They did not, it is true, appear before the country in the garb of rampant patriots; they rarely attended the public platform; and whenever they did, it was not for the mere purpose of vain or

ambitious display, but in order to give the sanction of their high name and well-established reputation to some measure of real and pressing importance to the interests of their country. Not one member of this high-souled and noble-minded family was ever known to play the mountebank in politics, any more than in the domain of private life. They were too proud, too self-conscious, too noble in mind and in spirit to stain their character by contact with so foul a practice. In their matrimonial connexions they also preserved their hereditary self-consciousness. They avoided low and mean alliances, that is, such alliances as might jar with the transmitted integrity and purity of their name and race. They sometimes, indeed, intermarried with families who could not boast of large possessions, but who, on the contrary, were limited in their circumstances, restricted in their means; but then they had good blood in their veins; they were upright, honourable, pure-minded, of good reputation; in a word, they were of a pure and gentle stock.

Such then were the Credans of Mooloch. And the ladies whose conversation we have been listening to, were daughters of that house. Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Credan were the daughters of Geoffrey Credan of Mooloch, who had no male heirs in a direct line, at his death; the property therefore descended to the next heir collateral, who was also named Geoffrey, to whom Miss Credan was married: and thus she became Mrs. Credan.

The two sisters resembled each other in some respects, though not in a very decided way; their figure, which was of the *petite* rather than the *grande* cast, was pretty much the same, except that Mrs. Credan's was more rounded and firm than that of her sister. The physiognomy, however, exhibited a decided difference in both. Mrs. Credan's face was rounder, fuller, and brighter than that of Mrs. Moore's; and there was besides an elasticity of disposition displayed in the eyes and mouth, and configuration of the head, neck, and shoulders of Mrs. Credan, which were entirely absent in her sister. In point of

age, Mrs. Moore might be about fifty years, while her sister might have counted two or three less. There was, moreover, a kind of apprehensive keenness in the look of Mrs. Moore, as if she suffered from some incumbent dread of evil to come; this was entirely foreign from the expression of Mrs. Credan.

We have seen that the sisters differed in opinion as to the best mode of preventing Fanny Moore's love for Herbert Granville from culminating, and from thus destroying her fair prospect of settling down as the mistress of Castle Whitmore. The distinctive character of the two ladies was made manifest by the mode and manner of reasoning which they adopted on that subject. The one, Mrs. Moore, was doubtful, hesitating, fearful; the other clear, sharp, decisive.

But what must now strike the reader as rather strange and inconsistent in the character of the two ladies when placed in juxtaposition with their hereditary pride and purity of lineage, is this, that both of them seemed utterly oblivious of the cha-

racter and descent of the man whom they desired to be brought into the circle of their family, and to mingle in the current of their blood. They felt the full value and importance of the pure source, whence they sprung ; they were as proud of their descent, and as solicitous to continue it untarnished to their successors as any of their predecessors ever had been, or could have been ; they were high-minded generous, noble, pure ; and yet they would descend from that elevation of resplendent honour and brilliant fame, to the level of a sordid meanness, and a buffoon reputation represented in the person of Joe Whitmore.

The reader may be able to find a solution of this mystery, if it may be called a mystery, in the nature and character of woman ; but we cannot give *our* assent to such a solution, notwithstanding the high authority of the Roman poet,—

“ *Varium et mutabile semper est fœmina.*”

We cannot, we repeat, record our approval of a solution so detrimental to the



character of woman ; because we believe in the essential goodness of her nature, the purity and ingenuousness of her mind, and the angelic aspirations of her soul ; and thus believing, we cannot permit our judgment to pronounce her condemnation upon occasions when we fail to be able to account satisfactorily for any apparent aberrations in her conduct.

When Mrs. Moore sent her servant to request her daughter's presence in the drawing-room, Fanny was away amid the solitude of the hills, enjoying the fragrance and music of free nature in its summer and midday loveliness ; and consequently the two ladies were obliged to postpone their further investigation into the mystery of her affections until another opportunity.

They now remembered that they owed some visits to friends residing at different points down the valley ; and they accordingly ordered their carriage ; leaving, at the same time, an injunction with one of the serving-maids to inform that young

lady upon her return that they desired to see her before dinner-hour in the drawing-room on important business ; and not to forget telling her this immediately upon her return from her walk."

## CHAPTER IX.

## A WALK IN THE GLENS—THE PLEDGE.

It will be remembered that at noon on the day before that of the dinner-party at Brookfield Hall, Herbert Granville held a short interview with John Gorman, or the captain, in the shrubbery at the rear of the Hall, and that at this interview the captain handed Herbert a note from Miss Moore. The note ran thus :—

*“ Tuesday morning.*

“ MY DEAR HERBERT,—

“ As you cannot come to the Glazement this afternoon, I shall see you at any hour you may desire, and which will be convenient to you on the day after to-morrow. You will dine with us to-morrow. Papa insists upon it—mind,

come. Aunt Credan is come, and she and mamma will have all sorts of things to occupy them, so that I will be rather in the way for them. A nice walk in the glens would be beautiful. Let me know what hour, and I shall be ready. Don't forget the book—I mean the other one you were speaking of.

“As usual,

“Your own,

“F. MOORE.”

It will also be remembered that at parting on that occasion, Herbert told the captain to meet him at the same place, and about the same hour on the second day next succeeding. Accordingly, on the appointed day, and about the hour named, Herbert might be seen strolling carelessly along the farm road at the foot of the hill and in the rear of the Hall, with a book open in his hands, in which he appeared to be deeply absorbed. When he had reached that point of the road which touched upon the grove or shrubbery, he sprang over the intervening hedge, and walked along by the trees until he came to the spot where

the former interview took place. Just as he turned an angle in the line of the grove, he perceived the captain seated under a wide-spreading tree, with the beehive hat between his knees, and his right hand moving over its surface in the act of impressing some arithmetical figures upon it with a piece of chalk.

Having recognized and saluted each other, the captain said,—

“Faith, Master Herbert, I never heard you coming; I was so bent on this sum I couldn’t hear anything. I was trying the decimals on a wind, but I’m out of practice, and the squalls put me back, and took me from my course. But it makes no difference, I was only trying my hand on the old rule, and I see I can’t bring it about yet awhile. I’ll manage it though, by-and-by.”

“I thought,” observed Herbert, “that nothing in the way of figures, even though they were figures of speech, was too difficult for you to manipulate.”

“Yes, I was smart one time in my life; but I’m getting a little soaked in the

timbers now, and I don't answer my helm as in former times. There's nothing like youth, Master Herbert, it makes the ropes work smoothly in the blocks, and the spars to buckle in the breeze. Age makes one stiff and hard, that's the way it goes."

Herbert had taken a seat on a large root that extended from the tree beneath which the captain was ensconced; and then taking a small sealed note from between the leaves of the book which he carried, he looked at it, and said,—

"Captain, do you know if she be engaged now, for I wish this to be given to her at once, provided she is not taken up with any matter, or with any company that would make it imprudent to have it handed to her. You had better take it at once, and be cautious."

"Too-o-ot, man alive, you needn't make signals to me about the lie and bearings of the land; no, Master Herbert, I'm too old a pilot to mistake the reefs or drive the ship on a sunken rock. But, look here, my hearty! There are squalls ahead in my opinion. That Mrs. Credan—that lady with



the lantern hung in the left corner of her right eye—she is the aunt of the fair one, eh? I hav'n't that craft measured yet, I'd like, too, to fathom the wather she sails in. 'Twould be no harm in my opinion. I tell you, that I do not understand her trim as yet. It may be all tight and safe; but I'd like to examine it before going to sea."

"Why!—what do you fear?"

"What do I fear, eh? Well, that is the very thing I want to know myself, because if I knew what I had to fear, I'd provide according, d'you see? If it was a shoal, I'd lighten cargo; if 'twas a squall I'd down canvas; and if 'twas bad trim, I'd shift ballast."

"Why," interrupted Herbert, "why do you use those sea terms so much? I can't well comprehend your meaning through this phraseology. You can convey your ideas without having recourse to that mode of speech if you like; for you sometimes avoid it altogether."

"Oh, as for that, it depends on the humour I'm in at the time. It is like the rising and falling of the tide; I can't

prevent it from coming or going, nor can I clearly explain why it comes or goes. I believe myself that nobody can well explain the tides either. It is hard to understand anything, Master Herbert. Now, take the female sex, for example. Can you explain Mrs. Credan to me? Can you explain any of 'em to me? I loved a girl once; and of all the living things I ever came across in the universe *she* puzzled me. You can't tell their rate of sailin'; suppose you heave the log once every six hours, do you think you'll find it that way? No, 'tis no use heavin' of logs. In my opinion the best way to navigate 'em is to let 'em go before the wind, and keep steady your tiller."

"Oh, well, well," interrupted Herbert, "never mind your navigation. Go, take this, and give it to her. Don't be long, I shall wait here for your return."

The captain rose with a bound, shook himself, and placed the beehive hat on his head. He then placed Herbert's note in his breast pocket, and went his way.

After he had gone Herbert extended

himself at full length on the grassy turf, folding his arms behind his head, and placing his straw hat over his eyes to protect them from the sun's rays as they glanced between the foliage. Thus reposing at his ease, he fell into a reverie.

“What a world it is;” thus went his thoughts, “and what a thing humanity is!—we are born, we live, we die. Some seem as though they understood it all; or perhaps they have never thought over it at all. The captain, poor fellow! he has had his love affair, too; he has been disappointed, that's evident. Who was she, I wonder: did she love him?—that could not be, for if she did she could not deceive him. Deceive him! what a thing to imagine of woman. Not surely was she created to deceive. But, ay; Eve deceived—was that deception though? She loved her Lord. What was it then? She wished to know of good and evil, a desire of knowledge, and to communicate this knowledge to her Lord. That was not deception—ah, but it was a sin. She disobeyed the injunction of her Maker—

that was all; ay, but that was much. Her crime, then, was disobedience to lawful authority, through the influence of curiosity. Yes, curiosity is woman's weak point. Dear, dear Fanny, your curiosity is guided by discretion; you love me, you love God; that's it: I believe you would have never tasted of that forbidden fruit, if you had been placed in the garden. My sweetest, dearest, my own Fanny! Hallo, captain."

"Too-o-ot," exclaimed the captain, as standing over Herbert, with a comical expression of countenance in which the contraction of the eyes, and the protrusion of the under lip formed the chief ingredients, he drew from his breast pocket a small knotted slip of paper. Herbert sat up, rubbed his eyes, and took the paper; which, having read, he said, "This is all well, captain; I must be away; you have done your business well; but, hark'ee, I have a good deal to talk with you about as to other matters; another time for that, however. See me shortly, down at Ash Grove. I shall be at home to you at any

time you call, after seven in the afternoon, except on Saturdays and Sundays. I must bid you a good-bye now—you saw her, did you?”

“To be sure I saw her, how do you suppose I’d get that scrap o’ paper if I didn’t see her? Perhaps you thought I hired a journeyman to do the business for me. Too-o-ot! I tell you what, Masther Herbert, I always rig my own craft.”

“What did she say?” interrupted Herbert.

“Faith, I can hardly tell what she said, she looked more than she talked; of all the crafts I ever saw, I never saw one that carried her sails neater and closer, or appeared on the waves with more light about her. That’s the way to say it.”

“Oh, good-bye, good-bye,” returned Herbert, smiling, and walking rapidly away by the side of the shrubbery, and towards the farm road above.

The captain stood for a moment eyeing the retreating figure of Herbert; but as soon as that gentleman had disappeared behind the angle of the grove he sat down

under the tree, folded his arms around his chest, and looked into vacancy. Having remained in this mood for some time, his lips at length began to move, and the following thoughts and sentiments came from them in slow, broken, and dreamlike fragments.

“Yes, Fanny Moore—Miss Fanny Moore!—you are a heavenly crature, the deep, soft, sunny eye—there never was deceit in that yet; believe me, John Gorman, where the eye is broad—open I mane—clear, and deep, the soul is straight, that’s my understanding of the matther. A shallow eye won’t do, the soul is muddy under it. Never mind the colour, I like blue best though, because why? It is the colour of the sky, that’s all: the soul came down from the sky, shinin’, flutterin’, dartin’ and dazmlin’ your eyes only for the blue that softened it, and pitched it into shape-like: if the soul and the sky were all of a piece, and one colour, you couldn’t see any soul at all—how could you? That’s my reason for sayin’ I like blue best. Never mind your light eye—a light



eye and foxy hair!—Oh God help us; ‘lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil, Amen.’ The brown eye—rich and mellow, like ripe grapes—the light clear, clear down, and the rich fountain of knowledge and of wisdom full and shinin’ below. That’s to be liked. But where am I? Ay, Fanny—Miss Fanny Moore! She loves him—I’d swear that any day. And precious love it is too; but all love is precious, that’s to say, if there’s love there. But everything that looks shiny is not gold, her love is gold, though. I wonder is there anything in the blood, as they say. High blood, old blood, noble blood, ancient blood; I think myself there is. ’Tis like there is. If blood is nothing, how is it that Herbert Granville is sound at the heart, and that Joe Whitmore is rotten? I’d like to know that. Yes, Herbert is proud, honourable, noble, and he is come of a noble race—he has high blood. Well, t’other, is mane, false, schemin’, and *he* is come of a bad race—he has low blood in him. There it is. There is something in the blood. Herbert

Granville is a *gentleman*, Joe Whitmore is a *boddagh* (a selfish half-clown)—there it is again. The Granvilles came of an ancient family, long, long ago, without stain or dishonour; but the Whitmores—och!—*they* came t'other day out of the mud. And the Moores; there it is again. The Moores are of the rare old Milesian stock, they never yet stooped to man or mortal, too-o-ot! they'd scorn it. Well, *they* have the blood, and they are upright, honest, true, proud, and noble—just like the Granvilles; but not a bit like the Whitmores. There it is again. Look at that Joe Whitmore, the mane *bosthoon*" (puffed up and empty-headed fellow), "look at him now; he is no more a gentleman than you are an admiral, John Gorman. And he is a fightin' fellow, too—too-o-ot! He thinks that makes a gentleman of him. I knew a fellow in Canada, and there was no standin' him in that line; he'd fight every one; but will you believe me, John Gorman, down at the bottom of that fellow's heart there was as much cowardice as would put in a decent stock for two dozen of poltroons;

and as for meanness, and lying, and roguery, I never met his match. There it is again. There must be something in the blood, after all. There are poor men, too—that makes no difference, though—the poorest labouring man may have the good drop in him. It isn't the riches that do it at all. I know men, poor industrious men—and I knew a great many of such in Canada, and in the United States, when I was in those countries; and they'd scorn to do anything mean or deceitful. Well, those are gentlemen—rich or poor, the man who is honest and upright, true to his word, and plain and clear in his dealings; I call that man a gentleman, that is, the heart's blood of a gentleman, not an accomplished gentleman, of course, unless he has education and high refinement; but what I say is this, without honesty, truth, fairness, uprightness, and justice, no man is entitled to the name of gentleman—I stand to that.

“I wonder will they be married? 'tis a pity if they don't. Too-o-ot! Joe Whitmore, indeed! He is no more fit for her than

you, John Gorman, are fit to sit on the throne of England. Well, Master Herbert, I'm afraid that it won't be all smooth water with you, there is a great deal of schemin' goin' on against you—you have plenty of enemies. I believe that. But come what may, blow high or blow low, John Gorman will stand your friend—heigho!”

And here he yawned, and then jumped to his feet.

“I must go too,” he muttered, as he passed from under the shade, and walked away in the direction of Ballydine.

Herbert Granville, having passed out on the farm road already mentioned, entered the field opposite, and crossing the rising ground which stretched away towards the mountain road leading upwards from Ballydine, he skirted the northern side of a circular grove that lay like a crown on the distant upland, and then turning eastward he descended by a gradual slope down upon the road. He walked on a couple of dozen paces, and then sat down on the green bank which bordered one side of the

road, and protected it from the precipice that opened on the glen below. He had not sat here more than half an hour, when he saw Miss Moore turn an angle of the road about twenty yards below him. She came along with a slow meditative pace, apparently enjoying the lovely and romantic scene around her. Her rich and luxuriant hair fell in soft, graceful curls over her neck and shoulders; while she held her wide-leaved Leghorn hat half swinging by a ribbon in one hand, and in the other a book, into which she occasionally glanced, as if comparing some description of scenery with that which Nature now unfolded to her view. She suddenly lifted her eyes, and beheld Herbert on the bank, some distance in advance of her. She smiled a rosy smile; the light of joy sparkling in her eyes and playing around her features. She closed her book and stepped on briskly to meet him. He, too, as soon as he had seen her, rose from the bank, and stepped out upon the road, advancing towards her. Ere she had approached within a dozen yards of

him, her hand was raised and extended with zeal to greet him. His, too, was involuntarily extended, while a warm glow of love bathed in light, overspread his countenance. They met; her hand was placed in his, while her upturned face, smiling and confident, glanced its beaming loveliness into his eyes. He stooped gently down, and pressed her cheek with his lips. They turned up the road, along the margin of the glen. The scene was enchanting. Before them lay the cultivated slopes of the mountain range that swept away far into the distance, resting against the bosom of the blue sky. Behind and far away below them, lay extended and gorgeous in the midday sun, the Vale of Orma. On their left the land was steep and abrupt, shutting out the view; while on the right the deep and winding glens, immediately below them, hid themselves away from the meridian splendours, and drank cooling draughts from the sweet, clear waters that purred and danced within their soft embraces. Above and beyond these glens rose another mountain



range that lost itself far away in the bright horizon.

Herbert and Fanny paced slowly on, in happy converse, feeling the full influence of the scene and the season. After some time they reached an opening in the grassy bank that bounded the road on the glen side. They passed through this, and descended in a sloping direction to the chain of glens and ravines that gradually unfolded themselves as they advanced. At length they arrived at a small foot-path that ran along the windings of the rivulet. The trees here were large and towering, some overshadowing the water with their arms and foliage, and forming an arch like the aisle of a cathedral, for long stretches here and there, along the course of the stream. At a point in the centre of one of these aisles opened a rustic bridge, composed of large, smooth, and rounded stones, which led to the other side of the ravine. They crossed over this with ease, for the water was low, and the stones were dry and close. Ascending the slope at the other side, along the corridors and arches

formed by the great umbrageous trees that covered it, they, after a little time, came out upon a green swarth that formed the centre of a tableau which stood at a considerable elevation above the bed of the stream below, but to which the murmuring of the waters reached in a soft and dreamy cadence. At one extremity of this green circular spot stood a Druid's altar, overgrown in part with moss and stained with time. Its original construction was much defaced, though it preserved a regularity of outline that was somewhat remarkable when it was considered how many centuries had cast their blighting and deforming influences over it. It was formed of four upright massive stones, flat and longitudinal, sustaining an incumbent slab or tablestone, with a hollow in the centre of it ; this slab rested chiefly upon a single point of one of the upright stones, for it barely touched the top of another, while the remaining two did not reach within several inches of it. The four upright stones inclined inwards ; so that the upper slab or tablestone extended

beyond its supports, like a centre table resting on its branching pillar. A few broken fragments of the altar lay scattered about; and within the structure were one or two other fragments which lay in the form of a bench, and were covered with green turf. The altar with the outlying fragments was surrounded with pine and birch trees which rose above it, and excluded it from view. On one side, however, there was an opening made through the shrub, which led to an aperture that opened into the interior. Seated upon the green bench inside, the observer was afforded, through this aperture, a view along one of the slopes of the mountain eastward as well as of a portion of the Vale of Orma, which stretched up to the base of that mountain. The two lovers passed in through this opening, and seated themselves upon the turf-covered bench within the Druid's altar.

It was a sweet and calm retreat. The sunbeams came in struggling through the surrounding foliage, and slept in lines, or quivered in circles upon the grassy floor.

A thin, very thin air breathed through the trees, and carried to the ear the soft murmuring of the water in the deep ravine below. The birds had hushed their melody, and slept within the branches of the surrounding pines and birches, or laved their drooping wings in the eddying waters of the rivulet. The low, sleepy buzz of winged insects afforded the only indication of the existence of animal life within the immediate precincts of the glens. But beyond, upon the slopes of the mountain, could be seen the cattle reclining by the hedge-rows, or pacing heavily along as they sought refuge within the clumps of fir that here and there broke the naked uniformity of the sweeping uplands. In the Vale of Orma, just beneath the mountain spur, lay the scattered mansions of the neighbouring gentry reposing in solemn grandeur amid the gigantic oaks and elms, that surrounded and adorned them. Ash Grove House, the residence of Herbert, appeared close by the mountain foot; while the magnificent mansion of Lord Fairborough, with its

widely extended park and gorgeous accompaniments of lake and river, grove and glen, deer-walk, and pleasure-ground, lay further down the vale, reposing in the bright effulgence of a glowing sun and a cloudless sky. It was a sweet and beautiful, as well as a grand and sublime scene; and no one could look upon it without feeling a thrill of pleasurable sensations pervading his inmost nature.

As Herbert and Fanny sat within the Druid's altar, her right hand resting within his left, and her hat on the turf beside her, they drank in the full charm of the scene. They sat silent for a considerable time, as if unwilling to disturb the exquisite repose and quiet dream of nature. At length Fanny said, in a soft, low voice,—

“How sweet, dear Herbert, it is here.”

“Very, very sweet, indeed,” was the reply.

“I feel,” she continued, “as if my heart could melt into this scene, and mix with it, and live in it for ever. It is so beautiful—so lovely. Oh, Herbert, could you

ever think to separate yourself from these glens and mountain scenes, these beautiful everlasting works, where God seems to walk, and to scatter His sweetest, His choicest gifts? Could you leave them, Herbert?" And she bent her head upon his bosom.

"Separate myself from them?" he said, "no, not willingly—not of my own free choice. I should deem it, dear Fanny, the highest and dearest blessing that God in His infinite goodness could confer upon me, to live amid these scenes of my childhood, of my youth, of my manhood; to live among them, to die among them. But, ah! what would they be if my heart were denied that without which even these scenes, dear as they are, should fail to bring it repose and happiness? No, Fanny, believe me; without you, without your presence, and your love, all this, beautiful as it is, all these scenes endeared to me as they are from the earliest dawn of feeling, would be but as a huge grave where lay buried all my hopes, my aspirations, and my best, my tenderest affections. I have



often thought this matter over; I have reflected upon it in the silent hours of night, when all was hushed, and my heart alone seemed to live and beat amid the universal sleep of nature; I have reflected upon it until my head ached, and my soul seemed bursting from my body, as though it desired to escape from the suffering and the misery which my imagination pictured. How early began that love which bound my heart to you! I can scarcely recall the hour, the time when first I loved you; it came; it grew as though we were both fashioned in the same mould together, and that we had never existed but as one. It was in our old schooldays. You remember the school below in the village? you remember the class where we stood together? you remember the play-hour at midday? We helped each other at lessons; we separated from our school-mates at play, and walked together down the green lane, under the shade of the willow-trees. Did we not love then? But we did not speak of love then! we knew it not by name; but it was there, in our hearts, in our

feelings, in our thoughts. Well, we separated in after-years; I was sent to college, and you to a boarding-school. We ceased to meet, to see each other, except at vacation. We then met, and do you remember how glad we were to meet? *I* do. I then felt all the warmth, the tenderness, the affection of other days spring up again within my bosom; and I saw that you felt it all too. At last we returned home, to remain at home. And then we met as man and woman, and in the society of our equals. The playful familiarity of childhood, of early youth, had ceased between us, but our love, that young love that first linked our hearts together, was that gone? No; but it had grown stronger, brighter, steadier. We concealed it, though—not from ourselves, for that we could not do; but we concealed, or rather strove to conceal it from others: and why? because we felt it was too dear a thing, too sacred, too holy a treasure to expose it to the profane gaze of any one. You remember that evening in Glen Corril, when first I gave words to

my feeling, and told you my love; you bent your head, as you do now, upon my bosom, and wept. You have often since told me that your heart at that moment throbbed with the brightest, liveliest sensation of joy it had ever felt before, and that you were happy, oh! how happy. And I knew you were. I knew *I* was happy beyond the power of expressing it! And, Fanny—dear, dear Fanny—can you now understand why these scenes, all dear and lovely as they are, would be to me dark and dreary if you ceased to be mine?"

While he thus spoke he occasionally looked into her upturned face, and pressed his lips upon her forehead; but when he had ceased, he leant back his head against the stone of the altar, and sighed deeply. She lifted her head from his bosom, and turning round, she stooped over him, and pressed her lips upon his forehead, while her luxuriant tresses fell cloud-like over his face, and her tears rolled down upon his brow. She then assumed an erect posture, and said, "Dear Herbert, we must never part—oh, never! never! never!"

She pressed her hands upon her heart, and continued :—

“If you should leave, if anything should happen that would cause our separation, I think my heart would break. Oh, no, Herbert, dear, dear Herbert, I could never live without you. You don’t know how dear you are to me. We will be married, my own dear Herbert; we must be married.”

He raised his head from the altar stone, and folding her in his arms, he pressed her to his bosom. She again spoke :—

“I know very well, dear, that mamma and Aunt Credan are desirous that I should be married to that abominable person, Whitmore; but papa and Harry do not care much about him; indeed, I know that Harry detests him; for he always ridicules him when his name is mentioned in the family; and says that he ought not to be admitted into any respectable company. What astonishes me is that mamma and Aunt Credan should not only tolerate him, but absolutely speak of him as if he were a person that was entitled to their esteem.

I know how it is though : they think that he would be a desirable connexion on account of his large estates, never considering the low character and vulgar manners of the man ; or how it would be possible for me, or indeed for any woman of feeling and delicacy to live with such a person. I declare most solemnly that I would prefer to be confined within a prison all my life, ay, or even to die—yes, to die—to being married to him. And is it not astonishing that, knowing this, as he must know it if he is capable of understanding anything, he should still persevere in urging his suit with the family ? But, Herbert dear, you must not be tormenting yourself with notions of my being separated from you : I shall never be separated from you while I live—and oh !” she exclaimed, raising her eyes towards heaven, “ I hope and trust we shall know and love each other even in the kingdom of our good Father in Heaven. No, Herbert ; whatever may be your present difficulties ; no matter what obstructions may occur to retard the happy day when we shall be

united, I shall never part from you. Make your mind easy, dear, about that. If your uncle in Canada desires to see you, you need not deny him or yourself the pleasure of meeting; and if he should wish you to settle down there with him, let not any apprehension about me prevent you from doing so, if you should think it desirable for your welfare. Wherever you may be, I shall always be prepared to join you, if necessary: or if you should determine to return to me, I shall be but too happy to wait for you. No, Herbert, I shall never marry any man but you."

Herbert again clasped her to his breast; and, strange as it may appear—and to some it may, doubtless, appear strange—he burst into a flood of tears, which he was unable to restrain for several minutes. She, calm and collected, took her handkerchief from her reticule, and busied herself in wiping them away; after which she kissed his brow, and commenced to banter him.

"Ah, Herbert, is that your firmness?" she said, after a time; "is that the way



you are preparing to encounter your difficulties? Why, I am braver than you. I am not afraid of trouble. I am sure we are not going to have any difficulties or trouble. We must be brave and courageous. I am yours, you know; and that ought to be enough to cheer you. You see how conceited I am now," and she laughed merrily, patting him on the cheek at the same moment.

"There now, dear," she resumed, "what are you going to say?"

"I am going to say this, dear Fanny," and he ran his fingers under her ringlets, "I am going to say this, you are a sweet, dear girl—oh, how I do love you!"

"Is that all?—get away with you;" and she slapped him on the cheek.

"Yes, dear Fanny," he resumed; "you have made me very, very happy. I shall tell you now that I have received a letter from my uncle in Canada, and he is very urgent in his solicitations to me to join him. He has never married, you know; so that I presume he is desirous to have me with him as a companion and super-

intendent of his estate there, intending probably—indeed, he says so—to leave me the property at his death. Now, Lord Fairborough, as you are aware, has manifested great interest in me—indeed, he has always acted with the most generous friendship towards our family—well, he has kindly offered me his intercession with the British Minister for some colonial appointment—I don't know what it is: but I suppose anything that might chance to be open, and should at the same time suit me. Now, how to act I scarcely know. I should like to have my uncle's opinion as to the desirability of obtaining this colonial appointment. It may possibly not fall in with his views that I should accept anything of this kind; and, you know, I shouldn't like to displease him; and this, not so much for any personal advantages I may secure from his friendship, but in consideration of his own excellent disposition and personal merits. I do not know much of him, of my own knowledge, for I was but a very small boy when he left for Canada; but his character,

as I have heard it from those who knew him intimately and well, has impressed me much. I remember, too, that I was a great favourite of his when I lived with my grandfather Brown; for he often took me upon his knee, and called me his darling boy; I remember, too, hearing him say to my grandfather that if he should not have any family of his own, he would adopt me as his child. You see, my dear, that I could not consistently with the relations which exist between my uncle and myself, and which in part he has himself established with a view to my welfare, take any important step without at least his concurrence. My great anxiety in reference to this matter has been my relation to you: I could not think of parting with you even for a brief period, lest I should lose your affection, or at least, expose you to the possibility of having your love for me sacrificed to the wishes of your family. And, oh, Fanny! how could I endure such a fate? What would life, and all that life could give under even the most favourable circumstances—what would it all be to

me, if I had lost that which alone can make life worth possessing? But now I feel happy—oh! how happy in the thought that nothing can withdraw your heart from me; and that you are prepared to wait, and perhaps to suffer for me, until I am in a position to take you to my bosom, and bid you rest there for ever. And yet, how can one calculate on human vicissitudes? If your family should press you; if they should persecute you; if—but oh, I can't bear the pressure of the thoughts that come crowding upon my mind, and striking at my heart."

"Herbert," suddenly broke in Fanny, with a solemn expression of countenance, as she moved her eyes slowly around the space within which they sat, "isn't this a sacred place? an altar, where God was worshipped in other days; a tomb, perhaps, where the ashes of His worshippers are now sleeping here beneath our feet;"—and she drew her foot softly over the grassy floor—"may not the spirits of the departed ones be now hovering around us? Herbert," she continued, placing her hand

upon his shoulder, "perhaps, even the spirits of some of our ancestors are here, listening, watching over us. Do you know that I feel as if they were whispering holy thoughts into my ear, and encouraging me to acts of virtue, of truth, of purity, of honour? Listen, Herbert! kneel down: let us pledge our hearts to one another here in the presence of the spirits of our ancestors. You must not part from me with a single doubt upon your mind. The shades of our ancestors, pure, holy, glorified, shall be witnesses to our pledge of undying fidelity to each other—kneel, Herbert, kneel—and take this ring."

They both knelt upon the green turf, face to face, their eyes and hands raised up to heaven; and there in the presence of God, whose brightness was reflected from that sun in honour of which that altar had been erected in centuries long gone by—there they solemnly and religiously invoked the Almighty Creator of the sun, and of all things beyond and beneath the sun, to witness and bless their mutual promise to love and cherish each other, under every

circumstance of fortune while life remained to them. And Herbert placed the ring upon her finger. They then bent their heads in prayer; after which they rose, and impressed each other's lips with the kiss of peace, and of holy love.

From that moment the lovers felt an elasticity of spirit which defied the frowns of adversity. Their hearts beat in gladness. Their thoughts flowed in currents free, joyous, and bright. And the crushing dread of ills, shadowed forth in the darkness of the future, had passed away from their bosoms, leaving in its place naught save joy and hope, unchecked, and undimmed. They talked no more of dangers of separation; of wily influences operating against their union; of impediments obstructing the path of their future happiness: all apprehensions of this nature had disappeared from their horizon; and nothing but security, peace, joy, and contentment, lighted the years looming before them. The turbulence of the tempest within them was hushed, and a calm sky of hope with its streaming sunlight shone around them.



It was the happiest moment that had ever dawned upon the experience of the young lovers. It was one of those moments which come only once in a life. Perhaps it is well that they do not come very often; their repetition might tend only to darken that which their passing glance had brightened and purified. Too much light blots out the sight: too much happiness might dim the consciousness within us, and render us unfit for the glory to come. The human heart is a curious organ; it requires gloom as well as sunshine to enable it to expand and vibrate to the touch of Him who made it.

But enough, Herbert and Fanny were now happy in their conscious love and inseparable union. Nothing now but death could separate them. Infidelity was unthought of. Oh, no; their young hearts never dreamt of such a thing as infidelity. That was a state of feeling which they never experienced, nor could experience; for it is reserved only for the vicious, the debauched, the profligate. Virtue knows nothing of it; honour shrinks from it;

purity of thought and feeling recoils from it as light from darkness, heaven from hell. There was no cloud upon them now. They could look calmly up to the sky, and along the horizon of life. And so they talked quietly and thoughtfully of the future; and felt themselves able and ready to grapple with any difficulty that might rise up in their pathway. They talked of the future, of the present, of the past; and the hours glided over them bright and cheery.

“Well,” observed Fanny, after a pause in their conversation about their ancestors, “what a strange mode of worship our early ancestors followed. I don’t mind so much the form and appearance of those altars as the object of worship. And yet, after all, the sun is the most wonderful object in nature. What is there like it? It is at once the most splendid and most useful object of the universe. It is no wonder then that they should be attracted by it, and stimulated to an adoration of—not itself, but of its Author, its Creator. That is what surprises me—that they

stopped at the splendid, life-giving orb, and did not send their thoughts and hearts beyond it, to the all-wonderful, all-powerful, all-wise, all-good maker of it."

As she spoke her beautiful eyes were turned up to heaven, and her hands were raised and clasped together.

"They had forgotten the true worship," replied Herbert; "like all the Gentile nations, they were drawn to the grandest and most striking objects of Nature, by the spirit of adoration inseparable from our human being, in the absence of that knowledge which prescribes the true mode of worshipping the Creator. The Canaanites were, perhaps, the first people who lost the true worship. They abandoned the precepts of their fathers, and, in course of time, forgot even their teaching. But, as I have said, they must worship something, for worship is a principle inherent in man; so they turned to stones, and groves, and trees, and water; and, of course, to the sun, moon, and stars. These became objects of adoration to the Gentiles all

over the world; and of course our ancestors shared in the general idolatry."

"Is it not a curious reflection," observed Fanny, "that this altar, this huge pile of rough, unhewn stones, has existed here for ages upon ages; and that people have come here week after week—perhaps day after day—for centuries upon centuries, to offer up sacrifices, and prayer, and incense, to that sun that is now shining above our heads; and that their voices have been raised all round here; and that the sounds of their footsteps coming and going were here too; and that some of them,"—here she lowered her voice, and looked down upon the turf—"and that some of them were buried here, and are now sleeping beneath our feet?"

"Yes," was the reply, "it is a curious reflection."

"How long," she resumed, "how long is it, Herbert, since they worshipped here?"

"It is impossible to say;" answered Herbert. "It is some fourteen hundred years since St. Patrick commenced his

apostleship ; but we have reason to believe that some of our ancestors continued their idolatrous practices during his lifetime, and perhaps long after it. You may depend upon it, they did not all give up their practices at once. It is not unlikely that even after they had ceased to sacrifice they came to pray ; and like you and me they felt strengthened and cheered by their occasional visits to the altar and the tomb of their ancestors. What say you, dearest ? ” and he passed his hand around her waist.

“ It is time for us to go,” she said ; “ it will be near dinner-hour by the time we descend the hill. Come.”

They both rose, and, passing out at the aperture through which they had entered, they crossed through the clump of under-wood and issued out upon the green sward. Then, instead of returning by the pathway through which they had reached the altar, they walked down the sloping ground on the other side, beneath the embowering trees, until they reached a point which dipped gradually towards the bottom of the glen. They crossed the stream below,

and pursued their way upwards until they came out upon the mountain road, nearly opposite the point where they had met at noon. Here they separated, after having arranged their future meetings. She crossed into the fields by which she had come, and he continued down the winding road towards the village.



## CHAPTER X.

A SUSPICIOUS VISIT—THE CAPTAIN STUDIES  
THE CLOUDS.

WHEN the captain left the shrubbery in the last chapter, and proceeded across the fields in the direction of the public road, leading to the village of Ballydine, he paused at the first hedge he had reached. From this point he was enabled to take in with his vision a large expanse of country lying immediately beneath him, and extending some miles down the Valley of Orma. The Cross and Peter Mackey's tavern lay in the immediate foreground; Ash Grove House, the residence of the Granvilles, rose majestically amid its surrounding groves and bowers, at some distance to his left; while Fairborough Court, as the residence of Lord Fairborough

was styled, with its magnificent park, and embellishments of wood and water, shone out in the meridian splendour some two miles or more down in the bosom of the vale. Castle Whitmore, and one or two other imposing residences appeared on the right, at distances varying from one to two miles.

As the captain stood and swept with his eyes this panorama of rural scenery, his attention became fixed upon a particular spot in the landscape. At a point where the main avenue leading from Castle Whitmore opened upon the public road that wound down the vale towards the town of Corrigcastle, he observed a horseman moving with a slow pace up the road leading to Ballydine.

At first, and for a few minutes he was unable to form any conjecture as to the individuality of this horseman ; and yet he could not help thinking that there was something in the outline of his figure that resembled that hopeful personage, the master of Castle Whitmore. There was, it is true, a languid, drooping bearing

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As the captain stood and swept with his eyes this panorama of rural scenery, his attention became fixed upon a particular spot in the landscape. At a point where the main avenue leading from Castle Whitmore opened upon the public road that wound down the vale towards the town of Corrigcastle, he observed a horseman moving with a slow pace up the road leading to Ballydine.

At first, and for a few minutes he was unable to form any conjecture as to the individuality of this horseman; and yet he could not help thinking that there was something in the outline of his figure that resembled that hopeful personage, the master of Castle Whitmore. There was, it is true, a languid, drooping bearing

his, "the times is stirrin' times ; but shure, maybe 'tis all for the bettther in the long run. That's what myself always says to my ould man. The *bouchaleebawn* (White-boys) is tryin' to do all they can for the poor people ; and by all accounts, they'll soon have the country free, and then, maybe, we'll be as good as those that have fine feathers. Oh yia ! they're the dirty feathers, some of 'em ;" and she laughed immoderately at her own sarcasm, believing it effective in its degrading power. She then went on,—

"To be sure, fine feathers makes fine birds ; but if every one had their own, I wondher where would the feathers of half of 'em be. I wondher who'd own Castle Whitmore if right took place, and every one was where they ought to be ? He ! he ! he ! we know where some of 'em ought to be ; and fine hot weather they'd have there ; by my troth, hotter than 'tis to-day, and 'tis hot enough, glory be to God ! Myself don't wish no one any harm, God forbid ! but every one ought to be left their own. That's what I say, though

this ould fool of a man of mine says 'tis all nonsense. But that's all he knows about it. Not all the same as Paddy Larkin. That's the knowin' knowledgeable man, and there is not a bouldher boy among 'em all than his four bones. My daughter Anty will be married to him, please God, as soon as the country 'll be free, and every one 'll have their own. Then maybe she'll be able to carry as high a head as any of 'em; and why shouldn't she? Isn't she as good as any of 'em, or their kith, kin, or generations? What are they, I'd like to know? Ulu-lu! Ulu-lu! Cromwell's breed! Where is their red, wholesome Milesian blood, I'd like to know? A drop of it never ran in their dirty veins, and why should it? Did they ever drink the wholesome breast? did they ever kneel down before the blessed cross, and give themselves up to God? did they ever hear tell of St. Patrick? did they speak to Columkill or to St. Brigid? were they ever at the althar of God on their bare knees offering a pather an' ave for the sowsls of the faithful departed? did



they ever love their neighbours as they ought to do? did they behave like Christians since they came among us? Shure, I'd like to hear tell of 'em doin' anything at all like Christian people. But, no; they'd rather rob and plunder, and kill and murder, and leave us bare and naked, and bruised and bleeding on the ground; ay, on the blessed ground that St. Patrick walked on, and drove all the sarpints far away from it. But shure, there's worse sarpints on it, since the curse of Cromwell and his maraudin' breed fell down on it. The Lord protect us," and she devoutly marked the sign of the cross on her forehead with her thumb.

"And will Paddy Larkin and the *bouchaleebawn* drive them all away, Moll?" asked the captain, in a half-dreamy tone of voice.

"They'll have a sthroke for it anyway," was the reply; "and there's those at the head of 'em that'll finish it. But you're as bad as my own ould man, in regard that ye don't give in to what's goin' on; but maybe your eyes would be opened one of

these days, and then ye'll believe it, maybe. Paddy tould me, unknown to the world, that Counsellor Connel himself is at the head of the business, and that every one ought to do whatever he tells him. What do you think of that, now?"

"I think," replied the captain, "'tis all nonsense, Moll; nothing more or nothing less. And if you are going to give Anty to Paddy Larkin, I would advise you to make him keep clear of the *bouchaleebawn*, and all such foolish people, if you can. That's what I say, Moll."

"Ulu-lu! ulu-lu! och! By my troth, Paddy Larkin would no more mind me, or you either in regard of that, than he'd mind the whistlin' of the *lunduv* (black-bird). *He* knows everything in regard of it betther than any of us, and why wouldn't he, shure enough? Shure, he is hand in glove with the great people that's carryin' on the business, and maybe, for the matter of that, with the Counsellor himself—who knows? Well, then, I'll tell you what I'd like to come out of the business first and foremost. I'd like that the

Granvilles would come by their own, that's what I'd like. They were ever and always, root and branch, the right sort; they never robbed any one of their rights; they never put the hard thrial or the hard word upon the poor people; they never turned any one out of house or home, but helped and comforted 'em all the same as if they were their own blood and kin. Och, no! the bit and the sup was for every poor person that came to their door, and the hungry and the naked were covered and fed by 'em. Shure, 'tis a wondher that God in Heaven ever let 'em be brought down. And who did it all? Ulu-lu! ulu-lu! that blackhearted, shlippery-tongued 'torney from hell, Bartley Croker of Gurtroo—Bartley the divil. God guard and purtect us from all his sort," and here she performed the operation of crossing her forehead with her thumb, and curtseying at the same time, as if to the Divinity in the air; and then continued, "And there's that bladdherin churl below at the castle, Joe Whitmore! Ulu-lu! ulu-lu! no wondher for the country to be on the *shaughrawn*

(decline) when the likes of him have the castles and the lands of the ould gentry of the counthry. May the black curse attend 'em all, here and hereafter, if it be the will of the Almighty. The hearts of the poor people are scalded with 'em all. And you and this ould fool of a man of mine to be sayin' 'tis foolishness to save the counthry from 'em. Foolishness, indeed!"

Just at this moment the captain saw Joe Whitmore and Peter Mackey issue from the tavern-door, and walk slowly down the valley road; while the little boy led Whitmore's horse by the bridle close behind them. He immediately withdrew a little from the door, pushing back the chair behind him, and stood by the four-paned window which looked down upon the road. Having stood here for about five minutes, he wished Moll Dreelin a good-bye, and walked out, directing his footsteps towards the Cross. As soon as he had reached this point, after a few minutes' slow, very slow walk, he paused, as if undecided as to the course he should adopt in reference to something passing within his mind.

Having at length come to a decision, he passed over to the road leading upwards in the direction of Glen Corril, on one of the slopes of which his own cottage was situated. This road lay at nearly right angles to that down which Whitmore and the tavern-keeper, Peter Mackey, had just proceeded. Having strolled on for some minutes along this road, pondering upon the relations that might exist between the two worthies aforesaid, and turning his eyes occasionally in the direction they had taken, he stopped suddenly, and wheeled round. He saw them parting, and the tavern-keeper retracing his steps towards his own house. The captain, too, commenced retracing his steps, saying to himself at the same time,—

“Now, I’ll mark if he is anxious to see me. I won’t pretend to notice him; but if it is as I think, he’ll be glad to have a chance of a talk with me, in order to probe me about something. If he doesn’t much mind me, but goes in without asking me in with him, why then, it can’t be as I suspect.—I’ll soon see.”

They both reached the Cross about the same moment; and as soon as Peter Mackey observed the captain, he saluted him with great apparent cordiality, saying,—

“It always does my eyes good, captain, to see you: old neighbours and friends, you know, like to see one another often, and to have a chat about old times. How does the world use you, my best of neighbours? By Jingo! we must have a drink of something, the day is so warm. Come in, man alive, come in.”

“Well, Mr. Mackey,” replied the captain, “I believe there’s no love lost between us. Sure enough, we are old neighbours, and friends too; and, blow me, if ever yet I *renaigged* a friend, whenever I found him sound in the keel, and staunch along the beam, as you are. I have no objection to take a tumbler of beer this hot day.”

“Jingo there!” ejaculated Peter; “come along then.”

They both entered the shop together; and Peter having ordered the little boy behind the counter to bring in a quart of beer, he



passed into the side door that opened into a small private room at one end of the shop. After the little boy had placed the beer and two tumblers on a small table at the lower extremity of the room, he retired ; and Peter made fast the door behind him. He then took a seat at the table, and desiring the captain to take another, he poured out the beer into the tumblers, and commenced to speak in a very friendly and confidential tone of voice. At first their conversation was altogether directed to observations on the weather and the crops ; but after a brief interval, when these topics appeared to be exhausted, Peter fell incidentally into some trivial remarks on the state of the country, and the prospects that were held out for its improvement by the agitators of the day.

“ You see, captain,” observed Peter, with a very trusting and, at the same time, patriotic air, “ the way it is with me. By Jingo ! I never like to see the people kept under : there is nothing like liberty of speech, and liberty of conscience ; do you mind me ? Because why ? the reason is plain to be seen : if there’s not liberty of

conscience, no man can serve his country, or save his soul either ; and if there's not liberty of speech, 'tis useless to have liberty of conscience, because you can't say what you think. That's my politics anyhow ; and I hope, Mr. John Gorman, my old friend and co-patriot, that you and I agree in regard to that."

Here he looked vividly patriotic, clenching his thick lips, squeezing the corners of his eyes, and lifting up his nose parallel to the ceiling.

"I again say," he continued, "that I hope Mr. John Gorman and myself agree in the one opinion," looking affectionately, but at the same time with searching acuteness, into the eyes of his companion.

The captain looked grave and reflective ; but a close observer might mark a succession of twinkles, light, quick, and intelligent, passing over the corners of his eyes. He answered immediately,—

"Yes, Mr. Peter Mackey, you and I steer the same course when the wind blows abaft the binnacle, and no breakers ahead. We are always on the look-out, keepin' our eyes to win'ard. But if the wind should

veer, and the waves break to lee'ard, then we might be obliged to part company, and steer our crafts according to our best judgment. As for the liberty of speech, I don't think we have much reason to douse our jib on that score ; the wind is fair and jolly on that tack. And the liberty of conscience lies almost in the same latitude ; the only fault I myself find in regard of that is, that the craft is rather free there—a little thought free ; a little bracing up would do no harm there, sometimes."

Peter did not appear quite at his ease during these observations of the captain : his nose seemed to grow redder and longer, and his eyes to contract, and glance back towards his poll. However, he was determined to make another move ; and therefore he smacked his lips, and looked exceedingly complaisant.

"There's no man in the country," he observed, "I'd trust before yourself in regard of a good heart for the cause of the people. You always stuck to the Counsellor, the *liberator*, I mean, like a man ; and helped to send the word around whenever he wanted the people to show

themselves to their enemies. That's the chat, by Jingo! A man's a man, if he wasn't worth a penny. That's what I say."

This was coming to close quarters, and the captain waited the advance of his antagonist with caution.

"No doubt of it," Mr. Mackey, "the liberator understands the sailing of the craft as well as any man that ever stood on the quarter-deck. He has a bright eye, and a clear head; and if the ship should come athwart a stiff breeze, with breakers on the lee, 'twould not be his fault if she went wrestling among 'em. He never runs up the wrong channel, but keeps in deep water until the tide offers; and then he runs up brisk and tight, and casts a safe anchor in port. No better navigator than the liberator, I 'gree with you. You see, Mr. Peter Mackey, that you and I always agree in most things, *especially in politics.*"

Peter was somewhat disconcerted; he now found that he must advance on more open ground, and disengage himself from his mask sufficiently to obtain the information he sought. He accordingly shifted

ground; and addressing himself to the consideration of the various chances of Fortune as exemplified in such as rose or fell within the circle of their acquaintance, he observed,—

“And there’s old Mr. Granville; who’d have thought, a few years ago, that things would turn out with him as they did? By jingo! he was a noble gentleman: one of the real sort, too. I wonder what is Master Herbert going to do? I don’t know any young gentleman in the country round, that has more of the sound metal in him than his four bones. Whisper, captain,” and here he bent forward, and placing his lips close to the captain’s ear, the red nose appearing doubled by its pressure against the captain’s head, “*he is just the young gentleman to lead the boys on a pinch.*”

He then drew himself back; and looked into the captain’s eyes with an intensity of gaze that was intended to search his very soul. The captain reeled for a moment; but he shortly recovered himself, and observed,—

“Poor old Mr. Granville was a noble-

hearted gentleman, no doubt ; but you see, Mr. Mackey, he was too generous ; he allowed too many interlopers on board ; and the sea stock ran out before the voyage was over. His son is a fine and brave young gentleman, too ; and a Granville to the backbone in everything that's true and honourable. And the man or boy that'll be led by him, will be neither a fool nor a rogue. He knows what is just and fair, and he'll never shrink from doing it ; he knows, too, what is wrong, and mean, and foolish ; and no living power on earth will force him to do it. That's who Master Herbert Granville is. He is a man that can stand on the quarter-deck, and by his knowledge, and speech, and conduct, be a credit to the squadron."

"Look now, captain," said Peter, coming at length to the point, "will you tell me—*can* you tell me, if Master Herbert is joined in that noble association that's got up for the freedom of the country?—long life to it, and long may it flourish in strength and activity—*is he joined in that?*—the noble association of the WHITEFEET !"



The captain had him unearthed at last. It was precisely what he had expected. He answered briefly,—

“I don’t think that Master Herbert Granville knows more about the Whitefeet than I do ; and all that I know about them is, that they are as likely to free, or to serve Ireland in any way, as so many school-boys armed with bullrushes. More than that, I believe that they don’t know themselves what they are doing ; or how to do anything even if they were called out to do it. Peter Mackey, answer me this—who told you that Master Herbert was joined with the Whitefeet ? for some one must have told you so, or you would not ask me that question.—Who told you, Peter Mackey ?”

Peter winced at this question ; but his resources were too many to suffer him to be discomfited.

“By Jingo, captain, that’s a queer question for you to ask me ; sure and certain you must know that a noble, dashing, high-spirited young gentleman couldn’t stand by and see his country suffering without

striking a blow for her. By Jingo, when you and I were young like him, we wouldn't grudge lending a hand, if things turned up, and the country was in need of it; and when the likes of us would do it, surely we'd expect that a young gentleman with the highest blood in the country in his veins wouldn't begrudge showing himself in the noble cause."

The captain had all the advantage on his side now; but he pressed his antagonist no further. He had all the information he could require. It was quite clear to him that Joe Whitmore desired to have some charge of a political nature trumped up against Herbert, no matter how slight the foundation on which it stood; and that he had employed Peter Mackey to assist him in this villainous enterprise. The captain, therefore, concluded that it was better not to refer to Whitmore; but to keep him off his guard in the progress of his design, in order that he (the captain) might thus be the better able to counteract his schemes, and to protect his young friend against them. He, therefore, contented himself

with merely observing, in reply to the last observations of his companion, that,—

“Master Herbert has noble blood in his veins, no doubt, but that is the very reason that he will never do anything—that he is not capable of doing anything—that would bring shame or disgrace on his name. If his country demands his assistance, that assistance he will surely give by upright and honourable means; and not by treachery or folly. And I believe that it would be both treachery and folly to join any society that works in the dark, and that is only making things worse than they are.”

Peter finding that he could obtain no information such as would be conducive to the views of his employer, dropped the subject, and reverted to the weather and the crops, with an evident desire to withdraw from the company of the captain for the present. The captain seeing this, rose and took leave of his companion, wishing him all manner of success in his patriotic intentions for the liberation of Ireland.

Having passed out, his first thought was

to call upon Herbert, with the view of informing him of what had transpired between himself and the tavern-keeper. He accordingly walked in the direction of Ash Grove for some minutes, but remembering that that gentleman had gone only an hour or two before for a walk to the Druid's Glen, and that it was not probable he had yet returned, he paused, and began to cast about him for some other plan of operation, when the thought struck him that he should call upon his friend, Denny Mullins, the piper, and concoct with him some plan, the seeds of which were beginning to germinate in his mind.

It will be remembered that the residence of the piper lay on one side of Glen Corril, that glen on the opposite side of which the Glazement was situated ; the former domicile being however nearer to the village than the latter.

The captain, therefore, proceeded up the Ash Grove road, that is, the mountain road which led on to one side of the demesne of Brookfield Hall ; and having reached that point in the road where a passage opened

across the fields towards the rear of the Hall, he turned in here, and pursued his way across the fields a little higher up than the line which he followed on two or three former occasions when we have observed him passing from the Hall to the village. By this course he was enabled to strike out on the farm road above the shrubbery in the rear of the Hall. From this point he pursued his way across the rising ground in the direction of Glen Corril, keeping still along the swell of the hill and skirting the grove which crowned its summit. His design was to drop down upon Denny's residence, instead of climbing up to it, which he should have to do if he had taken the road through the Glen. But just as he had passed the lower extremity of the mountain grove and was about to turn his steps downwards to the Glen, he espied Denny approaching him from below, with his pipes, tucked in their green bag, under his arm.

